# THE ATHENÆUM

Journal of English and Foreign Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts.

No. 874. LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1844. PRICE FOURPENCE (Stamped Edition, 5d.)

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UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.—The PROFESSORSHIP of HEBREW having become VACANT by the death of Mr. Hurwitz, CANDIDATES for the appointment are requested to send in applications and testimonials on or before THURSDAY, the 1st of August.
CHAS. C. ATKINSON,
Secretary to the Council.
24th July, 1844.

THE COUNCIL of the HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY of LONDON having ascertained that a very large number of the Exhibition Tickets of the present season have not been used by the holders, chiefly on account of the unfavourable weather of the 13th, and
HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE,
the President of the Society, having most kindly offered again to throw open the grounds of Chiswick House,
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN,
That there will be on WEDNESDAY, the 31st of July, a MUSICAL PROMENADE in the Society's Gardens, at which the usual Tickets of the present season will be received. Other Tickets for the occasion will be issued till the 30th inst. at this Office, price 3s. 6d. each, or at the Garden on the 31st inst., at 5s. each; under the regulations already in force for governing admission to the Exhibitions at the Garden. The usual refreshments will be supplied by Messrs. Gunter.—A printed Programme of the arrangements for the six Military Bands which are engaged, may be had upon application at 21, Regent-street.
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EDUCATION.—Professor E. BERNHARDT, from Saxe Meiningen, begs to inform his Friends and former Pupils in England, that he will be in London from the 1st till the 14th of August, and requests all communications to be addressed to him, care of Edward Sieve King, Esq., 3, Skinner's-place, Size-lane, Cheapside.

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ART-UNION of LONDON.—The Committee of this Association beg leave to draw the attention of Artists to the fact, that they expect to be enabled forthwith to distribute the funds now in their hands, and to suggest that steps should be taken to give the Prizeholders the opportunity of selecting from the unsold works of Art exhibited during the present season, which have been returned to their respective authors.
4, Trafalgar-square, GEORGE GODWIN, } Honorary
July 24, 1844. LEWIS POCOCK. } Secretaries.

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## REVIEWS

*Travels in European Russia, &c. in* 1840-41—[*Reise im Europäischen Russland*]. Von J. H. Blasius. Brunswick, Westermann; London, Williams & Norgate.

Books of travels in Russia have been somewhat over-proportionate of late, yet we welcome this addition to our means of becoming acquainted with *the people* of that country. The Russian terror, so zealously maintained by some of our journalists, is certainly on the decline, and yet we hardly feel as friendly as we desire towards the inhabitants of that vast country, whom we have judged upon scanty evidence and by ill-favoured specimens. Certainly, if the Russian be dangerous to European civilization—if, as it has been said, we are to look towards the Uralian Mountains for visions of approaching invasion—some endeavours towards a friendly acquaintance will leave us satisfied that we have done our duty towards a country which refuses to be civilized, or to cherish a fellow-feeling with the rest of Europe. In this spirit, Prof. Blasius offers his volume, and we think his observations will be found interesting.

The principal objects of the Professor's journey were commercial and scientific, but he found leisure to make many observations on human life and manners, in addition to his geological and zoological notices. It is amusing to find the author, in his preface, excusing all his anthropological remarks, by telling us that "man is also a production of nature, and, as such, deserving of attention." A very good apology for philanthropy! Let us only have as rational a cultivation bestowed upon the people as upon our asparagus and brocoli, and we shall need no more romantic schemes of benevolence.

On reaching St. Petersburgh, our traveller had, of course, to submit to the tedious inquisition of the passport system. This seems to have put him a little out of humour with the city of Peter the Great. He complains of the cold glare of the granite quays and gilded cupolas, "throwing back the warmth as well as the light of the sun;" and of the incongruous masses of architecture, looking as if they did not belong to the ground upon which they stand. "Romulus, Tamerlane, and Constantine, are here," says he; "Rome and Holland, Byzantium and the Mongolian Steppes, join hands across these marshes on the banks of the Neva." From St. Petersburgh he travelled to Vitegra; and he commends the Russian peasantry for their knowledge of the surrounding localities, and readiness to afford information on matters of natural history. The monotony of the prospect powerfully impresses his imagination:—

It is characteristic of the North, that all which Nature produces here appears in vast expansion. One who comes from the south, where he has been accustomed to find a novelty at every step, fresh plants and various birds at every turn, must be strongly impressed with the contrast here. Not only the oppressive masses of light in summer, the long dark nights of winter, the endless marshes and moors produce this impression; but every living thing, and even the inanimate earth contributes to the same effect. It seems as if each peculiar kind of growth would despotically engross the whole territory. Here is immense wealth in both inanimate masses and living beings, but a poverty of ideas seems to force nature to eternal repetitions. With nature man changes here, and not only the living, but the dead preserve the characteristics of the region. We saw grave-yards in the open country. A desolate sand-bank, planted with a few solitary pines and black wooden crosses, marks the spot, far away from all the dwellings of men. The dead are left in all the solitude of nature: no footpath leads the survivors a second time to the lonely grave-mound. When the wind has swept away the withered wreath from the cross, the pine-cones alone make melody over the grave never watered but with the rain.

From Vitegra our traveller made an excursion down the Andoma to Lake Onega, and witnessed, on his return, a splendid phenomenon of the climate.

Towards evening, we proceeded up the river in our two barks. It was a night without a parallel instance in my experience. At first, the brightness, cheerfulness, and quiet of surrounding nature inspired our little company, and one voice after another broke out in song. Our seamen were roused by our example, and soon our German songs were exchanged for their Russian melodies. From the obscure fishing hamlets, which we passed by, answers were returned to us in the same melancholy strains. At last, the northern heavens were clouded, and then it grew brighter again. The clouds all glowed with the northern radiance, and burning streaks of crimson reached upwards to the zenith. The heavens were overflowed with mighty flames, and the whole earth was veiled in fire. Our songs died away, and our passage took a silent and gloomy character. Only the nightingale, which here reaches her polar boundary, endeavoured in vain to restore to the prospect its former cheerfulness; her song seemed unsuited to the scene, and the masses of fiery splendour around seemed to overpower her melodious spirit.

From Vitegra the Professor travelled to Kyrillof, famous for the convent founded by St. Cyrill, the Winifred of Northern Russia, to which, under his guidance, we shall introduce our readers, as one of the curiosities of the Greek Church. In A.D. 1389 St. Cyrill retired to the solitudes near the White Sea, for the purpose of private devotion; and, being joined by several like-disposed men, founded this convent which bears his name, and gave it rules. Among other things, all talking during divine service, all strong drinks and philosophical inquiries, are strictly forbidden. The convent soon rose into great repute and princely patronage, became a refuge for the persecuted and a defence against the foes of Russia, stood several sieges, and twice repelled the onsets of Tartar hordes.

A powerful hand extends itself from this convent into Russian history. An active Christianity, works of benevolence, and devoted patriotism, have diffused themselves from these walls over the whole of northern Russia.....After bathing in the lake, we went into the convent, where divine service was going on in one of the churches. As I did not understand a word of the Russian sermon, which one of the monks was reading, I gazed with curiosity upon the Sunday dresses of the women who were present. Greater contrasts in costume could hardly be put on. All that was splendid seemed to strive upwards, leaving the lower parts in neglect. The head is decked with gold and silver, high combs, and numerous pearls; golden chains and strings of pearls ornament the neck and fall down upon the bosom, and yet, at the bottom of all the silken vestments, you discover that the people are barefooted, or, at best, wear very poor apologies for shoes. Of their stockings, of course, I can say nothing.....After service the Abbot attended us. He was a man of about fifty, a strong and almost rustic figure, with a face of ruddy brown, and an uncommon openness and ease in his expression and manners. He first led us to the original dwelling-place of the holy Cyrill, a miserable, low block-hut, in which a man could hardly stand upright. Though it is only distinguished from other block-huts by its wretchedness, no antiquarian will deny it the date of 1398, if only it can be proved that pine-wood would endure so long. There stood the cross which the holy man bore, and the cup from which he drank hangs by an old chain close by the holy fountain. He showed us, too, the other articles of furniture belonging to the saint, and remarked, "These are not for us, for the present generation! We go about decked with gold and gems; but that is all right, for we are no saints like the great Cyrill." We were next led into the principal church. From the floor to the roof it is covered with rich decorations—gold, silver, precious stones, and saintly figures. Among the last, the legends of the founder occupy the largest space. Here he is represented feeding the poor, healing the sick, and sheltering the destitute. Several of these figures are certainly of ancient date, and yet it would not be easy to discriminate between them and those of modern days, as all the monastic painters adhere closely to the style and colouring of the originals, imitating the brown shades cast by time over the hands and faces of the old pictures. Almost every monk and every nun in Russia paints, and all labour to produce the same saints in the same situations. The Abbot showed us the rich coffin of gold and silver wherein rest the earthly remains of the saint, to this day efficacious in wonder working, of which a pale young monk told us many striking instances. We saw the saint's coarse garments, his bag, his sheepskin, and the chain he wore for a girdle, which looks just like a chain of the nineteenth century. He who would doubt of the authenticity of these relics must be ignorant of the truth that the genuine relics are those that have the living idea connected with them. Before this coffin that greatest of tyrants, Ivan, the Cruel, fell down on his knees, and here he longed, amid the corpses of those whom he had persecuted and murdered, to end his days as a pious monk. We next glanced through the armoury, which has been despoiled of many of its trophies, but is still rich in old weapons, axes, halberts, swords of various patterns, and shirts of mail. The convent library once possessed many manuscripts of historical importance, but most of them have been scattered. Even the founder of the institution played some part in literature, and the convent seems to have been once friendly towards letters, though its inmates were so strictly warned to beware of philosophy. The Abbot, however, seemed to be but little attached to literature. He handed us an old Russian manuscript, but, unfortunately, he placed it before us in an inverted position, which the young monk, slightly blushing, rectified. The Abbot then accompanied us to the convent wall, and took leave of us with his benediction and pious wishes. Next, the town church attracted us by its neat and cheerful aspect. At its entrance we found an old white-headed man standing, with withered face, hollow eyes, and an almost spectral expression. He was the founder of the church. He had retired from business with half a million, had built this church, and now found his greatest pleasure in performing the sexton's duties, and guarding his own burial-place; which, against law and precedent, was allotted to him inside the church. This seemed to me a religious turn of mind, recalling the Middle Ages, and belonging to the East; but the Greek Church affords many striking instances of it. Yet the first admiration of such apparent piety is liable to correction, by a second thought, on the numerous similar actions which have arisen out of the alarms of conscience; and Russia has had many examples of such piety. What ruler ever exceeded the enormities of Ivan the Cruel, and yet who cast himself more obediently in the dust before offended Heaven? who built more churches and convents than this reproach of humanity? The religious ideas of the Greek Church, which place all the value of piety in the strict fulfilment of the prescribed external ceremonies, favour such delusions. Well may the Greek worship be styled "performing service," for it is, indeed, a real religious toil. One would think that its law must be, "in the sweat of thy brow shalt thou gain food from heaven." The whole congregation is in perpetual motion, crossing, kneeling, prostrating themselves until their foreheads touch the floor. For these purposes the interior of the church is quite open and unencumbered with seats. Meanwhile, the Pope (a secular priest) mechanically reads a sermon or recites the liturgy. The first view of such a service is the most favourable, for afterwards it is anything but edifying to see how the people go through their religious exercises, as if doing a sum in addition, not only counting their kneelings and prostrations, but measuring the angles of their devout postures, and estimating the length of the crosses they make; else how could they, in the intervals of their performances of this kind, chatter carelessly with their neighbours till the paroxysm comes upon them again? The women are great proficients in the work, for they contrive to carry on the pious process of kneeling and

crossing while gratifying their love of gossip and observation at the same time.

Our traveller next visited the neighbouring nunnery, and found the paintings of the nuns surpassing, in their peculiar manner, the productions of that mystic school of German painters who affirm that we must look to the Christian paintings before Raphael's time for orthodox and religious feeling. In this style, he observes, stiff, bald, and quaint as it is, the nuns have a skill that leaves their theoretic and studious imitators in the distance. The number of paintings of this class is so vast in Russia, where 400 convents of monks and 100 nunneries are engaged in their production, that the Professor warns his fellow-countrymen, the disciples of the saintly school of painting, against remaining in a field already so well occupied.

The Professor now proceeded to Vologda, and thence to Ustiug Velikoi, where he made some stay, and had good opportunities to observe the simple life and habits of the Russian people. On his journey, he again remarks on the dull monotonous character of the scenery (if such a word can be allowed), but it seems that music has charms to dispel *ennui* even from such a dreary region.

Our solitude was felt oppressive on the Suchona river. When night came on we were cut off from all the living world, and seemed buried in the narrow valley of the river as in an open coffin, with only a slip of sky to gaze upon. After weeks listening to nothing but the bells of our horses and the screams of the driver, this deep solitude is a welcome refreshment. In a few hours of its silence all the tumultuous impressions of the past melt away, and all our feelings rest in the present calm. But we are not made for the great and uninterrupted impressions of nature; and, at last, the perpetual blue sky becomes a weariness to our sight. If any impression of nature can produce a total apathy of all sentiments, it must be the perpetual glaring light of a northern summer. The whole day is filled with one glowing sun everywhere, and the short night is sultry. Then the heavens still glow, and moon and stars are absorbed in the monotonous light. Everything is seen indistinctly, as if covered with a mysterious gauzy veil. The worst feature of all is, that nowhere can you find any contrast; for every tree, as well as every man, like Peter Schlemihl, seems to have lost its shadow. Corporeal objects, with their faint outlines, stand like spectres before us, and every visible thing partakes of the mysterious. If we find among the Eastern people a character approaching to habitual apathy, no doubt it may be fairly attributed to the constant unvarying impressions of surrounding nature, especially when we consider how powerful these must be when they exert an unbroken influence upon the native mind from earliest childhood. In this region of Suchona, the people, when not engaged in field labour, sink into the heaviest indolence within their houses. Their highest exercise is to go to the window or the door. Even the youths among them seem to have little disposition to sport. We observed no social and rural amusements, even on Sundays. And yet the people are not altogether phlegmatic: as soon as they are at their work—when the fisherman has hold of his rudder, and the peasant grasps the reins—they are transformed into new men, and pursue their avocations with the voice of melody. This disposition to cheer their labours with songs is remarkably powerful among the Russians here, and even rises to a sort of improvisation, of which we had a striking instance among the boatmen on the Suchona. Among our boatmen was a powerful young man, with bright eyes and great animation in his aspect, who took the tenor in several quartetts and canons. His father, an old veteran, who seemed to sympathize magically with every turn of thought and feeling in his son, led the bass, while two others filled up the harmony. In their canons they showed such a just feeling for harmony, and such science in their fugues, that we could hardly believe it the production of nature, and yet these men had never left the banks of the Suchona. Their music was accompanied with ballads and romances, which the youth improvised for the occasion with great cleverness. His imagination produced romantic stories of kings and princes and fair princesses, in splendid palaces, where was perpetual feast and glorious array: then he contrived to unite his own feelings with the fiction, told how he had been invited to the palace, and had received encouragement from the princess; but no! he would prove true to his lowly fisher maiden in the little black hut by his native river. His companions could not help applauding his poetic success.

His stay at Ustiug Velikoi gave the author good opportunities of becoming acquainted with the characteristics of the Greek Church in this part of Russia, and his sketch seems fair and intelligent.

As change of churches is, just now, so fashionable, while the *éclat* of the pilgrimage from Oxford to Rome is worn away by frequent examples, our young ecclesiastics, who seek novelty, should fairly consider the claims of the Greek Church, which, in several respects, are worthy of attention.

Here I came into contact with the clergy. It is customary for them, at certain times, to perform domestic worship with each member of their flock. The pope, or secular priest, at such times, comes with some of his subordinates, bearing saintly images and the crucifix, and sings mass in the house. Whoever desires to be known for piety, or feels the need of such offices, can, for a small sum, call in the help of the clergy at any time. Our landlord, in whose house I was very ill, had no high reputation for fair dealing among his neighbours. A portrait of him, in my chamber, was written all over with his characteristics, and not one good one could be found among them. Yet he was famous for the employment which he afforded to the clergy, often requiring their services more than once in the week. As I lay, half conscious with feverish fantasy, I heard a strange monotonous singing constantly in my ears, day and night; at last I seemed to hear it more distinctly, and, suddenly, awoke from my reverie. Close by my bed stood a tall athletic figure, with a rosy face, a long flaxen beard, and long hair hanging about his shoulders. Over my bed hung a picture of the Virgin, beaming with gold and silver, with folded hands and eyes upraised to heaven. In the same attitude, stood the Pope beside me, unceasingly repeating his formulary, "Gospodin pomilui!" I soon discovered that he was in haste to despatch me to heaven. Though I could not judge how far this kindness might be necessary, I felt moved by this instance of benevolence and toleration. I called for some persons in the next apartment to tell the saintly man that I was a heretic, and did not mean to die just then; but he would not be hindered in his kind purpose towards a sick heretic, so before he left me he blessed me thrice, made a cross over me, and, as he went out of the room, cast back a kindly look upon me. To a western European there seems to be a contradiction in the station and character of the Russian clergy. The priest in his canonical dress, and during the performance of his sacred offices, is in the highest authority. Wherever he appears, all bow before him, cross themselves, and even cast themselves at his feet; but let him only put off his official robes, and he is instantly reduced to a nullity. In the very same house where he has just performed his sacred functions he will not be even tolerated by the company, and the very peasant who meets him in the street considers such a rencounter a token of some bad luck, and expectorates as soon as he sees him, in hopes of turning away the misfortune. It must be confessed that the station of the secular clergy, or popes, in Russia, is not respectable; yet the contempt that attaches itself to the men seems to have no influence upon the offices which they perform. This apparent contradiction has a twofold cause. Their reverence for clerical sanctity arises from the childish religious notions of the Russian people. Their idea of religion reduces it to a very simple matter of attention to outward ceremonies, and with internal thoughts they do not trouble themselves. This mode of viewing the matter is truly characteristic of the people, and forms the bond of unity throughout the whole line of Russian Church history. Most of the contentions of the Russian Church have been about fasts, the formalities of crossing, the consecration of churches, and the signs of clerical honours. With the tiresome and fruitless disputes of the West about points of abstract divinity, the Russian Church has had little to do. The positive ordinances of the Church are so purely and entirely regarded as positive dogmas that they are in no danger of falling into controversy with any system of philosophy or natural religion. Thus we find the Greek Church in Russia, from the oldest times, remaining at the same point of developement. The greatest strictness in the observance of forms procures the greatest religious justification and satisfaction. The priest, as a necessary instrument for their performance, maintains his official dignity. To the preservation of uniformity the law contributes, which forbids all original preaching among the clergy, lest in their comments on Scripture they should get astray into subtleties and contradictions. By this rule, the people are accustomed to regard their priest, entirely neglecting his personal character, as an authorized instrument under the control of a supreme power. As a man, the pope is subject to the judgment of the peasant; but when arrayed in his official dress, he rises far above all private opinions. If the clergy of the present day in Russia stand low, for personal qualities, in public estimation, the past is to be blamed for it as well as the present; for the mental requirements made of the clergy have always been so low that they cannot be accounted educated men. When a foreigner wishes to learn the Russian language, he is advised to find his quarters with a pope, where he will be sure to hear nothing else. And if the idle mode of life of the secular priest leads him to sensual pleasures, the error lies in his situation, which excludes him from all mental interest and activity. It must be considered, too, that the secular priest in country-places is generally dependent upon the rude peasantry, and must accommodate himself to their modes of living if he would be comfortable among them. When divine service is over, the peasant goes to the Kabak, and soon drinks himself under the table; and if his priest is not willing to do the same, he is reckoned proud and unsociable, and must be content with the meanest pay for his services. In this abandonment of all independent inquiry and conviction, there is no ground for the developement of any manly and virtuous character. The personal character of the clergy is the natural consequence of his dependence upon traditional authority, which deprives him of every disposition to cultivate a will or a way of his own. As the wives of the popes are equally uneducated, there is no hope of a better progeny in these conditions. Only in a few convents are exceptions to be found to this character of the Russian-Greek clergy. From its exclusive regard to the external ceremonies of religion, we may partly explain the toleration of this Church with respect to varieties of opinion. What other sect can boast that, like the Russians at Töpperdorfe, near Moscow, they provide Christian burial for unknown strangers and celebrate masses for the souls of men whose names, origin, and creeds they know nothing of? No people manifest more reverence for consecrated places than the Russians. Whenever they see a church or a church-spire, near or distant, they stop to uncover their heads and cross themselves. The dimensions of the crosses they make vary with their stations, decreasing in proportion to their respectability; and I have seen gentlemen make their tiny crosses under the cover of arranging their cravats.

Our traveller confirms preceding accounts of the love of spirituous liquors prevalent among the Russian peasantry, and describes the Kabak, or brandy-shop, as a formidable rival to the Church:—

At every festival, the natural course of the people is from mass to the Kabak. At the door the peasant counts his cash, reckons how much he can afford to drink, and takes his dose at one deep draught. The effect is speedy, and, as the Kabak cannot accommodate many, the drunkards are carried into the street to lie there until they recover their senses. On the morning after a festival the roads are strewn with drunken sleeping men, and no one notices the customary scene. As surely as the bells, on the preceding day, ring in a festival, so certainly this is its conclusion. This drunken disposition extends to the women as well as the men. Of course, the Kabak keepers are prosperous people; and if, in any poor little town, you meet a female dressed in silk or satin,

you may be sure it is the landlady. The brandy is often adulterated, though the apothecaries have authority to examine it from time to time; but the landlord of the Kabak takes care to supply the appointed inspector with liquor sent to his own house so liberally, that he has ample opportunity to test its qualities, by experiments upon his own person, without the trouble of going to the shop. The honesty of the peasantry is remarkable: no one in Ustiug can remember when a peasant was convicted of theft. Of this honesty we have a proof just opposite our house, where a market-maiden, who keeps a stall, sits regularly, totally drunk, one afternoon in every week. Her customers take what they want from the stall, and pay down the proper money, so that she loses nothing during her sleep. Many of the customs of the people here have an originality which has, long since, vanished from the interior of Russia. Among other customs of this kind, the young maidens who are willing to find husbands come to a *bride-show* in Ustiug at certain seasons: bringing their dowries with them, they travel in carts or in boats, and exhibit themselves, with all their treasures, in the market-place. The marriageable young men proceed to the exhibition, and choose, according to the weight of the dowry and their personal inclinations, their brides at first sight. These willing wives, as they generally come from the country by the Jug and Suchona rivers, are here denominated the "Upswimmers."

An account of the mode of conversion practised upon the Syrgaenees, a sporadic tribe of people, expert in hunting, and formerly addicted to several natural superstitions, is amusing. The process may, at least, be commended for its conciseness, though it reminds one of Lichtenbergh's caricature of the Jesuits in China initiating a crowd of natives into the faith with a fire-engine.

The south-west Syrgaenees were made acquainted with Christianity towards the close of the Middle Ages: the north-east tribes were converted during the reign of the Empress Elizabeth. The mode in which Christianity was introduced among them sufficiently accounts for the slow progress it has made. In those parts of the country there are still standing some great wooden crosses, which explain this method of conversion. They were inscribed all over with the doctrines of Christianity, but, unfortunately, the Syrgaenees of that time could not read. Beside every cross a soldier was stationed, whose duty it was to see that the newly-converted Christian neophytes did not neglect their religious exercises. Every morning this armed minister led the Syrgaenees up to the cross, and made them kneel and cross themselves conformably to the rules laid down. This they did readily, and returned to their homes quite satisfied of their orthodoxy. It is natural to suppose that since that time they have made some additions to the technicalities of their religious performances; but it is doubtful if they are, virtually, any better Christians than they were before their conversion.

From Ustiug our traveller set out on a hunting excursion with several Russian officers, among whom was the School-Inspector for the eastern part of the province of Vologda. This gentleman seems to enjoy a pleasant sinecure. He has, once or twice in a year, to look at the schools in his division, just to assure himself of their existence, and the rest of his time is quite his own. A Russian Inspector of Schools is by no means expected to be a practical man.

It seems that we must go to the north-east of Russia for a genial social people:—

Sometimes we turned into one of the huts of the peasantry for a night's shelter. Everywhere we were received with the utmost kindness by these people. This hospitable character belongs to the north, and is not to be found in the inner parts of Russia. The bearded boor of the north will yield up his only room and all its furniture, for the accommodation of his guest, and scarcely think of any pay; but no sooner are you south of the Volga, and in the land of the Muscovites, than you must lay down your cash for every step and movement of the hand in your service, and pay more for the boiling of your kettle than for your dinner in the north.

In these northern regions there is no deficiency of animal and vegetable life. Countless myriads of the migratory birds are seen winging their way towards the south in July and August. All the varieties of grain which middle Europe produces, are here easily cultivated with success; indeed, Russia seems to enjoy a soil exceedingly favourable to agriculture. The failure of some crops, in wet harvests, might be remedied by a more extended cultivation of the potato, which could not fail of success. The forests have suffered greatly from careless management.

On the whole, the Professor seems to have found charms even in the generally monotonous region, and bade farewell to Ustiug and its surrounding localities with regret, in the season when the signs of coming winter appeared, when the nights began to look like nights, and shed welcome refreshment over the frame of the summer-weary traveller.

Often have we looked back on the forests and the men of the north, and remembered with gratitude the days we passed in Vitegra, Kyrillof, Kubensky, and Ustiug, our passages on the Andoma and the Suchona, the Jug and the Dvina rivers, and our travels through the lonely woods. At Vologda we left behind us the northern forests, and their simple, hearty, and honest men, and began to observe other aspects of nature and human life in Russia. In Markowa we saw, for the first time in Russia, since leaving Petersburgh, beggars and vagabonds; and, ere long, a band of prisoners under a strong military guard, passed by,—a sight we had never witnessed in the north.

On the whole, we can recommend these volumes, as containing notices interesting to the naturalist, and affording the reader some pleasure in the contemplation of these northern people, whose lives, though they afford but scanty materials to the literary tourist, are sustained in tolerable comfort, and even happiness, through the bright summers and dreary winters of their native region.

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*Poems.* By Frances Anne Butler. Philadelphia, Penington; London, Wiley & Putnam.

We have before given our decided opinion of Mrs. Butler's genius as a poet (Nos. 229 & 494)—that opinion at first cautiously expressed, but, on further evidence, strongly pronounced. There is a masculine strength and vigour in her verses, not a little remarkable in an age when men are proud to write effeminately, so delicately do they go, and so softly do they tread, like the Hebrew ladies of old, when they affect the poetic character. Many are the smooth meaningless verses that are published; few that are rough and bristling with significance. An excessive polish has planed away the distinction between the strong and weak; and they both almost uniformly approach us in the same guarded and careful manner, as if they were afraid that nature should make herself be seen or heard. Nothing that Mrs. Butler has written is chargeable with this fault—she and Joanna Baillie have stood aloof from this trifling tendency—and, having studied under severe masters in the poetic art, have presented us with some stern efforts of hard thinking and robust feelings, which have occasionally startled the white-gloved critic of the modern school of maudlin minstrelsy, and alarmed not a few of its members with the re-apparition of that sounder and healthier taste which made joyous the elder bards.

The poems before us are lyrical, descriptive, and didactic, with some few sonnets; but are all alike distinguished by an earnestness of purpose and energy of style. The following stanzas are perfect in their way:—

Oh! turn those eyes away from me!
Though sweet, yet fearful are their rays;
And though they beam so tenderly,
I feel I tremble 'neath their gaze.
Oh, turn those eyes away! for though
To meet their glance I may not dare,
I know their light is on my brow,
By the warm blood that mantles there.

Nor are the following blank verses deficient in merit:—

*A Wish.*

Oh! that I were a fairy sprite to wander
In forest paths, o'erarched with oak and beech;
Where the sun's yellow light, in slanting rays,
Sleeps on the dewy moss: what time the breath
Of early morn stirs the white hawthorn boughs,
And fills the air with showers of snowy blossoms.
Or lie at sunset 'mid the purple heather,
Listening the silver music that rings out
From the pale mountain bells, swayed by the wind.
Or sit in rocky clefts above the sea,
While one by one the evening stars shine forth
Among the gathering clouds, that strew the heavens
Like floating purple wreaths of mournful nightshade!

Take now a specimen more tender in its tone and sentiment:—

*On a Forget Me Not,*
**Brought from Switzerland.**

Flower of the mountain! by the wanderer's hand
Robbed of thy beauty's short-lived sunny day;
Didst thou but blow to gem the stranger's way,
And bloom, to wither in the stranger's land!
Hueless and scentless as thou art,
How much that stirs the memory,
How much, much more, that thrills the heart,
Thou faded thing, yet lives in thee!

Where is thy beauty? in the grassy blade,
There lives more fragrance, and more freshness now;
Yet oh! not all the flowers that bloom and fade,
Are half so dear to memory's eye as thou.
The dew that on the mountain lies,
The breeze that o'er the mountain sighs,
Thy parent stem will nurse and nourish;
But thou—not e'en those sunny eyes
As bright, as blue, as thine own skies,
Thou faded thing! can make thee flourish.

Our next selection is a poem full of fancy, with a sweet under-current of feeling:—

*On a Musical Box.*

Poor little sprite! in that dark, narrow cell
Caged by the law of man's resistless might!
With thy sweet, liquid notes, by some strong spell,
Compelled to minister to his delight,
Whence, what art thou? art thou a fairy wight
Caught sleeping in some lily's snowy bell,
Where thou hadst crept, to rock in the moonlight,
And drink the starry dew-drops as they fell?
Say, dost thou think, sometimes when thou art singing,
Of thy wild haunt upon the mountain's brow,
Where thou wert wont to list the heath-bells ringing,
And sail upon the sunset's amber glow?
When thou art weary of thy oft-told theme,
Say, dost thou think of the clear pebbly stream,
Upon whose mossy brink thy fellows play?
Dancing in circles by the moon's soft beam,
Hiding in blossoms from the sun's fierce gleam,
Whilst thou in darkness, sing'st thy life away.
And canst thou feel when the spring-time returns,
Filling the earth with fragrance and with glee;
When in the wide creation nothing mourns,
Of all that lives, save that which is not free?
Oh! if thou couldst, and we could hear thy pray'r,
How would thy little voice beseeching cry,
For one short draught of the sweet morning air,
For one short glimpse of the clear azure sky!
Perchance thou sing'st in hopes thou shalt be free,
Sweetly and patiently thy task fulfilling;
While thy sad thoughts are wandering with the bee,
To every bud with honey dew distilling.
That hope is vain: for even couldst thou wing
Thy homeward flight back to the greenwood gay,
Thou'dst be a shunn'd and a forsaken thing,
'Mongst the companions of thy happier day.
For fairy sprites, like many other creatures,
Bear fleeting memories, that come and go;
Nor can they oft recall familiar features,
By absence touched, or clouded o'er with wo.
Then rest content with sorrow: for there be
Many that must that lesson learn with thee;
And still thy wild notes warble cheerfully,
Till, when thy tiny voice begins to fail,
For thy lost bliss sing but one parting wail,
Poor little sprite! and then sleep peacefully!

The following "Fragment" is very beautiful:

Walking by moonlight on the golden margin
That binds the silver sea, I fell to thinking
Of all the wild imaginings that man
Hath peopled heaven, and earth, and ocean with;
Making fair nature's solitary haunts
Alive with beings, beautiful and fearful.
And as the chain of thought grew link by link,
It seemed, as tho' the midnight heavens waxed brighter,
The stars gazed fix'dly with their golden eyes,
And a strange light played o'er each sleeping billow,
That laid its head upon the sandy beach.
Anon there came along the rocky shore
A far-off sound of sweetest minstrelsy.
From no one point of heaven, or earth, it came;
But under, over, and about it breathed;
Filling my soul with thrilling, fearful, pleasure.
It swelled, as though borne on the floating wings
Of the midsummer breeze; it died away
Towards heaven, as though it sank into the clouds,

That one by one melted like flakes of snow
In the moonbeams. Then came a rushing sound,
Like countless wings of bees, or butterflies;
And suddenly, as far as eye might view,
The coast was peopled with a world of elves,
Who in fantastic ringlets danced around,
With antic gestures, and wild beckoning motion,
Aimed at the moon. White was their snowy vesture,
And shining as the Alps, when that the sun
Gems their pale robes with diamonds. On their heads
Were wreaths of crimson and of yellow fox-glove.
They were all fair, and light as dreams; anon
The dance broke off; and sailing through the air,
Some one way, and some other, they did each
Alight upon some waving branch, or flower,
That garlanded the rocks upon the shore.
One, chiefly, did I mark; one tiny sprite,
Who crept into an orange flower-bell,
And there lay nestling, whilst his eager lips
Drank from its virgin chalice the night dew,
That glistened, like a pearl, in its white bosom.

A piece called a sonnet, but only to be called such by concession, has a strange and taking violence:—

Away, away! bear me away, away,
Into the boundless void, thou mighty wind!
That rushest on thy midnight way,
And leav'st this weary world, far, far behind!
Away, away! bear me away, away,
To the wide strandless deep,
Ye headlong waters! whose mad eddies leap
From the pollution of your bed of clay.
Away, away! bear me away, away,
Into the fountains of eternal light,
Ye rosy clouds! that to my longing sight,
Seem melting in the sun's devouring ray!
Away! away! oh, for some mighty blast,
To sweep this loathsome life into the past!

There is another sonnet which speaks trumpet-tongued to young ambition:—

Thou poisonous laurel leaf, that in the soil
Of life, which I am doom'd to till full sore,
Spring'st like a noisome weed! I do not toil
For thee, and yet thou still com'st darkening o'er
My plot of earth with thy unwelcome shade.
Thou nightshade of the soul, beneath whose boughs
All fair and gentle buds hang withering,
Why hast thou wreath'd thyself around my brows,
Casting from thence the blossoms of my spring,
Breathing on youth's sweet roses till they fade?
Alas! thou art an evil weed of wo,
Watered with tears and watch'd with sleepless care,
Seldom doth envy thy green glories spare;
And yet men covet thee—ah, wherefore do they so!

Mrs. Butler, however, is indebted for much of her vigour to her early sources of inspiration. These she confesses in a poem entitled

*A Promise.*

By the pure spring, whose haunted waters flow
Thro' thy sequester'd dell unto the sea,
At sunny noon, I will appear to thee:
Not troubling the still fount with drops of wo,
As when I last took leave of it, and thee,
But gazing up at thee with tranquil brow,
And eyes full of life's early happiness,
Of strength, of hope, of joy, and tenderness.
Beneath the shadowy tree, where thou and I
Were wont to sit, studying the harmony
Of gentle Shakspeare, and of Milton high,
At sunny noon I will be heard by thee;
Not sobbing forth each oft-repeated sound,
As when I last faulter'd them o'er to thee,
But uttering them in the air around,
With youth's clear, laughing voice of melody.
On the wild shore of the eternal deep,
Where we have stray'd so oft, and stood so long
Watching the mighty water's conquering sweep,
And listening to their loud triumphant song,
At sunny noon, dearest! I'll be with thee:
Not as when last I linger'd on the strand,
Tracing our names on the inconstant sand;
But in each bright thing that around shall be:
My voice shall call thee from the ocean's breast,
Thou'lt see my hair in its bright, showery crest,
In its dark, rocky depths, thou'lt see my eyes,
My form, shall be the light cloud in the skies,
My spirit shall be with thee, warm and bright,
And flood thee o'er with love, and life, and light.

We have another "Promise," which speaks more painfully.—

In the dark, lonely night,
When sleep and silence keep their watch o'er men;
False love! in thy despite,
I will be with thee then.
When in the world of dreams thy spirit strays,
Seeking, in vain, the peace it finds not here,
Thou shalt be led back to thine early days
Of life and love, and I will meet thee there,
I'll come to thee, with the bright, sunny brow,
That was hope's throne before I met with thee;
And then I'll show thee how 'tis furrowed now,
By the untimely age of misery.
I'll speak to thee in the fond, joyous tone,
That wooed thee still with love's impassioned spell;
And then I'll teach thee how I've learnt to moan,
Since last upon thine ear its accents fell.
I'll come to thee in all youth's brightest power,
As on the day thy faith to mine was plighted,
And then I'll tell thee weary hour by hour,
How that spring's early promise has been blighted.
I'll tell thee of the long, long dreary years,
That have passed o'er me hopeless, objectless;
My loathsome days, my nights of burning tears,
My wild despair, my utter loneliness,
My heart-sick dreams upon my feverish bed,
My fearful longing to be with the dead;
In the dark lonely night,
When sleep and silence keep their watch o'er men;
False love! in thy despite,
We two shall meet again!

Our next extract is named "The Vision of Life," a noble lyric:—

Death and I,
On a hill so high,
Stood side by side:
And we saw below,
Running to and fro,
All things that be in the world so wide.

Ten thousand cries
From the gulf did rise,
With a wild discordant sound;
Laughter and wailing,
Prayer and railing,
As the ball spun round and round.

And over all
Hung a floating pall
Of dark and gory veils:
'Tis the blood of years,
And the sighs and tears,
Which this noisome marsh exhales.

All this did seem
Like a fearful dream,
Till Death cried with a joyful cry:
"Look down! look down!
It is all mine own,
Here comes life's pageant by!"

Like to a masque in ancient revelries,
With mingling sound of thousand harmonies,
Soft lute and viol, trumpet-blast and gong,
They came along, and still they came along!
Thousands, and tens of thousands, all that e'er
Peopled the earth, or plough'd th' unfathomed deep,
All that now breathe the universal air,
And all that in the womb of Time yet sleep.

Before this mighty host a woman came,
With hurried feet, and oft averted head;
With accursed light
Her eyes were bright,
And with inviting hand them on she beckoned.
Her followed close, with wild acclaim,
Her servants three: Lust, with his eye of fire,
And burning lips, that tremble with desire,
Pale sunken cheek:—and as he stagger'd by,
The trumpet-blast was hush'd, and there arose
A melting strain of such soft melody,
As breath'd into the soul love's ecstasies and woes.

Loudly again the trumpet smote the air,
The double drum did roll, and to the sky
Bay'd War's blood-hounds, the deep artillery;
And Glory,
With feet all gory,
And dazzling eyes, rush'd by,
Waving a flashing sword and laurel wreath,
The pang, and the inheritance of death.

He pass'd like lightning—then ceased every sound
Of war triumphant, and of love's sweet song,
And all was silent.—Creeping slow along,
With eager eyes, that wandered round and round,
Wild, haggard mien, and meagre, wasted frame,
Bow'd to the earth, pale, starving Av'rice came:
Clutching with palsied hands his golden god,
And tottering in the path the others trod.
These, one by one,
Came, and were gone:
And after them follow'd the ceaseless stream
Of worshippers, who with mad shout and scream,
Unhallow'd toil, and more unhallow'd mirth,
Follow their mistress, Pleasure, through the earth.
Death's eyeless sockets glar'd upon them all,
And many in the train were seen to fall,
Livid and cold, beneath his empty gaze;
But not for this was stay'd the mighty throng,
Nor ceased the warlike clang, or wanton lays,
But still they rush'd—along—along—along!

Are not these lines "To the Nightingale," of the right sort?—

How passing sad! Listen, it sings again!
Art thou a spirit, that amongst the boughs,
The livelong day dost chaunt that wondrous strain,
Making wan Dian stoop her silver brows
Out of the clouds to hear thee? who shall say,
Thou lone one! that thy melody is gay,
Let him come listen now to that one note,
That thou art pouring o'er and o'er again
Thro' the sweet echoes of thy mellow throat,
With such a sobbing sound of deep, deep pain.
I prithee cease thy song! for from my heart
Thou hast made memory's bitter waters start,
And filled my weary eyes with the soul's rain.

We may, perhaps, return to this volume, which has but just reached us, for some further extracts.

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*A Poem to the Memory of William Congreve.* By James Thomson. With a Preface and Notes by Peter Cunningham, Esq. Reprinted for the Percy Society.

THE poem here attributed to Thomson, and now reprinted for the first time since its publication in 1729, was pointed out to the editor by the Rev. Mr. Cary—who assigned it to that poet, from internal evidence. Upon the opinion of this most competent judge, Mr. Cunningham might have rested his case,—because he does not produce a tittle of evidence to carry it further, though he intimates that he has a great deal. Let the reader judge. "Millan" (who published it) says Mr. Cunningham, "was, at this time, Thomson's publisher"—and that is reason 1.—Reason 2. is, that "several poems by Thomson are advertised among Millan's books, and at the head of his list, at the end of this very publication:"—and if the editor's reasons be "as plenty as blackberries," he has given no more. But these, he thinks, are enough to settle the question—"separately of little value, collectively, as I think, conclusive." Now, *collectively* is rather an imposing word to describe an assortment of two; and arguments like these, applied to Mr. Colburn's lists, would introduce a tremendous confusion of literary property at some future day. How Millan's being Thomson's publisher, on other occasions, should prove that Thomson wrote this particular poem, passes our apprehension, unless it can be established, at the same time, that he published for nobody else:—and that Thomson's works, along with other publications of Millan's, should have been advertised by that bookseller at the end of one of his new publications, by whomsoever written, seems an argument about as inconclusive for the purpose for which it is used, as it would be to maintain, from an examination of the advertising columns of the *Times*, that the editor of that paper is the inventor of Godfrey's Cordial. To mark the looseness of the ratiocination—why is it not as good to prove that the *other* persons, whose works are included in the list advertised at the end of the poem on Congreve, wrote the latter, as that Thomson did? Arguments like these are of the kind which do not depend, for their weight, upon their number;—"Separately," we think with Mr. Cunningham that "they are of little value,"—but we are further of opinion that they have the quality of ciphers, which may be extended in a series of any length, but, still make "collectively" 0.

For the poem itself—it has the characters of Thomson's muse—and is probably his. It is a laboured panegyric on Congreve,—addressed to his friend Henrietta, Duchess of Marlborough—to whom Congreve left 10,000*l.*, which, as Johnson hints, had been better left to his family; and Thomson was a likely man so to labour at a panegyric on the friend of a duchess. It is so cunningly wrought,—with such great and visible art,—that poetry evaporates, in the process—too rhetorical for eloquence, and too coldly elaborated for truth. The author had no personal knowledge of Congreve,—and there is neither feeling nor sentiment in his picture. But towards its close, the poem rises to the better qualities of Thomson's muse; and an extract will show that it deserves a place among his works, if its authenticity can be established. We should certainly object to giving it a place there, speculatively.

But slighting these ignobler names, the Muse
Pursues her favourite Son, and sees him now,
From this dim spot enlarg'd, triumphant soar
Beyond the walk of Time to better worlds,
Where all is new, all wondrous, and all blest!
What art thou, Death! by mankind poorly fear'd,
Yet period of their ills. On thy near shore,
Trembling they stand, and see, thro' dreaded mists,
Th' eternal port, irresolute to leave
This various misery, these air-fed dreams

Which men call life, and fame. Mistaken minds!
'Tis reason's prime aspiring, greatly just;
'Tis happiness supreme, to venture forth
In quest of nobler worlds; to try the deeps
Of dark futurity, with HEAVEN our guide,
Th' unerring HAND that led us safe thro' time:
That planted in the soul this powerful hope,
This infinite ambition of new life,
And endless joys, still rising, ever new.

These CONGREVE tastes, safe on th' ethereal coast,
Join'd to the numberless, immortal quire
Of spirits blest. High-seated among these,
He sees the public Fathers of mankind,
The greatly Good, those universal Minds,
Who drew the sword, or plann'd the holy scheme,
For liberty and right: to check the rage
Of blood-stain'd tyranny, and save a world.
Such, high-born MARLBRO', be thy Sire divine
With wonder nam'd; fair Freedom's champion he,
By heaven approv'd, a conqueror without guilt.
And such, on earth his friend, and join'd on high
By deathless love, GODOLPHIN'S patriot worth,
Just to his country's fame, yet of her wealth
With honour frugal; above interest great.
Hail men immortal! social VIRTUES hail!
First heirs of praise!—But I, with weak essay,
Wrong the superior theme: while heavenly quires,
In strains high-warbled to celestial harps,
Resound your names; and CONGREVE'S added voice
In heaven exalts what he admired below.

As a specimen of the discoveries which are thought worthy of being promulgated, through the resources of the Percy Society,—eking out an imperfect argument with insignificant anecdote—we must present the following:—

"Among the more curious minutiæ of the poet's life, well enough known in his own day, but lost in our own, is the curious circumstance connected with our stage history, that part of the Prologue to 'Agamemnon' was not allowed by the licenser to be spoken. This circumstance is at once both new and curious. Every copy of 'Agamemnon' has the forbidden passage printed in inverted commas, but no one has explained or assigned the reason. *The London Daily Post*, April 24, 1738, affords the necessary explanation:—'Tomorrow morning at nine o'clock, will be published, price 1*s.* 6*d.*, AGAMEMNON, a Tragedy, as it is now acting with great applause, &c.—N.B. The lines in the Prologue, not allowed by the licenser to be spoken, are printed and distinguished by inverted commas.'"

Surely, there is nothing very curious in this. The device of the "inverted commas" has descended to our day; and the inference is too common-place ever to be made the subject of a *πρῶκα*, that the lines so marked are omitted in the representation, either in obedience to the objection of the licenser or of the actors.

Mr. Cunningham has, likewise, printed in his Preface, a short poem—'To Love,'—which Mr. Hone had already printed from the MS. of *Chaucer* Ogle, who assigns it to Thomson. The poem is worth preserving; but we cannot think, with Mr. Cunningham, that its transference from the obscurity of Mr. Hone's pages, into the pages of this Percy publication, can be considered as a lifting it into the light of "general circulation." Mr. Hone was an able, earnest and conscientious labourer in the field of antiquarian literature; who, without the aid of association, in the formal sense of the word, got together a vast body of curious matter, and illustrated many an interesting fact; and it is true that he never had his full reward. But he had many disciples, notwithstanding, and the works which represent him have, still, a numerous class of admirers; and at least twenty persons are likely to read this poem of Thomson's—if Thomson's it be—in the pages of Mr. Hone's periodical, for every one who will see it in this Percy publication.

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*Correspondence of Robert Dudley, Earl of Leycester, during his Government of the Low Countries, in the years* 1585 *and* 1586. Edited by John Bruce, Esq. Published by the Camden Society.

THIS volume consists principally of a collection of letters of Robert Dudley, the celebrated Earl of Leicester, written during his first mission to the Low Countries, as Lieutenant-General of the forces sent by Queen Elizabeth to aid the United Provinces in their struggle against Spain. These letters, copies of originals, which have not as yet been discovered, were contained in a manuscript volume, presented to the Camden Society by Frederic Ouvry, Esq., and their authenticity, after being subjected to rigid test, appearing incontrovertible, the Council determined on publishing them, together with a selection of letters relating to the same period, derived from the Harleian Manuscript No. 285, and the Cottonian Manuscripts, Galba, C. viii. ix. x. The whole collection, therefore, forms a minute and copious record of the proceedings of the Earl of Leicester from September 1585, when the Queen's intention to appoint the Earl Lieutenant-General had been notified to the Commissioners of the Low Countries, who were then waiting in London, to November 6, 1586; when a letter from Secretary Walsingham, alluding to the lamented death of Sir Philip Sydney, and the legal informality of his will, closes the correspondence.

As will be seen from this short outline, the volume offers little to interest the general reader; but as a contribution towards the authentic history of an important reign, and an important period of that reign, it has its value. There were circumstances connected with the war of independence in the Low Countries, as the Editor justly remarks, which occasioned it to be regarded with peculiar interest in England. The great oppressor of the Low Countries was Philip the Second, a monarch who, not thirty years before, had been King-consort of England, and whose enmity to Elizabeth and her government was notorious. The bull, declaring Elizabeth excommunicated, had already been issued, and the war of independence in the Low Countries being the chief obstacle in the way of Philip's long meditated expedition against England, it is scarcely to be wondered at that not merely Leicester and Walsingham, both bound by fellow feeling toward the Calvinistic Protestants of the United Provinces, but cautious Burghley, and the equally cautious Elizabeth, all agreed to "give aid to the defence of the people afflicted and oppressed in the Low Countries."

The choice of Leicester as commander seems to have been made without hesitation. His previous interference in the affairs of the Low Countries, his being leader of what may be termed the Calvinistic party in England, and his high favour with the Queen, must at once have pointed him out for the office; while his love of pomp and of sway, no less than his love of enterprise, and his military talents, rendered that office peculiarly acceptable to him.

On the 4th of December 1585, Leicester set off, and on his arrival in Holland was received with the greatest enthusiasm. Even as early as New Year's Day, that temptation which so embroiled him with his royal mistress, was proffered—the absolute government of the United Provinces. In Leicester's letter addressed to Burghley, in which he relates this, he expresses great surprise, not however unmixed with satisfaction, that "seeing the creditt and trust it pleased the Queen to putt me in here alredie,—they did not know any person whom they could desyre so much to take this office in hand as myself." In a subsequent letter to Burghley, Leicester urges the necessity of his accepting the supreme government, which he evidently was nothing loth to do, and he proposes to send over Davison, that "unhappy minister whose hard fortune it was to be made the scape-goat in the only two transactions of great moment in which he was engaged," to explain it. The postscript is curious;—how strange in a day of steam-boats and railroads is it to read that *forty-two* days had passed since a minister charged with so important a mission had received intelligence from England, and that the only means by which the Queen's Lieutenant could communicate with Burghley was, "Sir Grant Herns hath a man that doth daily bring fishe from this coast, and when no ship goeth out, he wyll shifte against the wynd, and he comes very safely." The delay of advices from England was probably not displeasing to Leicester; for on the 25th of January he was solemnly installed supreme governor.

From Davison's letter we learn that the Queen, on his first interview, expressed herself in the "most hard and bitter termes":—

—"first against your lordship for taking that charge upon you, not only without warraunt but (that which she urged greatly) against her expressed commaundment, delivered unto you, sondry tymes, as she said, both by her owne mouth and confirmed by her counsell, as a thing done in contempt of her, as if either her consent had bene nothing woorth, or the thing no way concerned her, agreaving your fault herin by all the circumstaunces she might. And, for my particuler, found herself no les offended, in that I had not openly opposed myself against it, wherin I had, as she pretended, greatly deceaved her opinion and trust she had reposed in me."

Leicester, finding he had gone too far, now, with a duplicity which warrants belief that the character given him by popular fame was the true one, endeavoured to throw all the blame upon Davison, pretending that it was through his secretary's persuasions, and against his own will, that he had taken the authority. In consequence, Davison was compelled to absent himself from Court, whither he was eventually recalled, but only to fall into greater disgrace.

The Earl's next messenger to his angry mistress was Sir Thomas Sherley; and two of the Queen's replies will amply (as the Editor remarks) justify her opposition to Leicester's vainglorious plan: "It is sufficient to make me infamous to all princes, having protested to the contrary in a book which is translated into divers and sundry languages," said she, "and you know my mind. I may not endure that any man should alter my commission, and the authority that I gave him, upon his own fancies." While affairs were in this state, Burghley and Walsingham seem to have feared that the Queen would recal her forces from the United Provinces; and deprecating this, as a fatal blow to the Protestant cause, Burghley took the extreme step of tendering his resignation, unless the Queen would change her policy towards the Earl. Elizabeth yielded partially, and Leicester hoped the storm would now blow over; but when she found Heneage was returning without insisting on any qualification of Leicester's claim, she addressed the following "pithy advice" to him, written with her own hand:—

"What flegmaticall reasons so ever were made you, how happeneth yt that you will not remember, that when a man hath faulted and committed by abettars therto, that nether the one nor the other will willingly make their own retrait. Jesus, what availeth witt when yt failes the ownar at greatest nede? Do that you are bidden, and leve your considerations for your owne affayres; for in some things you had cleare commandement, which you did not, and in other none, and did, yea, to the use of those speaches from me that might oblige me to more than I was bounde, or mynde ever to yelde. We princes be wary enough of our bargaines, thinke you I will be bounde by your speach to make no peace for myne own matters without their consent? It is enough that I iniure not their countre, nor themselves, in making peace for them, without their consent. I am assured of your dewtifull thoughts, but I am utterly at squares with this childish dealing."

"These terse and forcible sentences," says the Editor, "may indicate qualities which may have made Elizabeth a disagreeable person within the narrow limits of her court; but they indicate,

also, powers of understanding and moral qualities which, in a state of society like that in which Elizabeth lived, and in a government of which she was the head, fitted her to be a great and popular sovereign."

The fresh instructions were communicated to Leicester, and finding it in vain farther to resist, he wrote, declaring that all Holland and Zealand should not make him keep the title "one houre longer than I heare of Mr. Heneage's arivall." He, however, was allowed to retain the mere title, now that Elizabeth had vindicated herself publicly from the suspicion of wishing to annex the United Provinces to her dominions; and Leicester soon found that the Council began to watch with jealousy every exercise of the power they had themselves bestowed. "My credit hath been cracked," said he, "ever since her Majesty sent Sir Thomas Heneage hither." Leicester complains bitterly of the young men sent out to serve under him:—

"As also, to the greif of my heart to see your youthes in England, how cleane theie be marred and spoiled for ever being able to serue her majesty and the realme. I am ashamed to thinke, much more to speake, of the younge men that haue come over. Beleeue me you will all repent the cockney kind of bringing vp at this day of young men. Theie be gone from hence with shame enough, and to manie that I will warrant will make as many frayes with bludgeons and bucklers as anie in London shall doe; but such shall never haue creditt with me againe. Our simplest men in shew haue bine our best men, and your gallant bludd and ruffin men the worst of all others. I pray you esteme them there accordingly, except I commend them to you, and yet no one hath iust cause to complayne to my knowledge."

The following is characteristic. The difficulties which Leicester laboured under in consequence of want of money to pay the troops, is again and again pointed out by him, apparently with little effect.—

"I see we shall estarue on everie side. I here now, that there is $x^{m}$ li sent over by exchange, and other $x^{m}$ in the middest of August; you wrote vnto me that her majestie had appointed $xxxij^{m}$ li to come over. It is no marvell our men runn fast awaye. I I am ashamed to write it, there was $v^{c}$ ran away in two dayes, and a great manie to the enemye, of which sort of I haue taken sixe, and Welch is taken, that went with Pigott, where the count Hollock and Robin Sydney overthrew a good cornett of horse of Camilles, besides Breda, kild and tooke 28 prisoners, and horse. This Welch was one. There is of our runagates $ij^{c}$ brought againe from the coast-side. Divers I hanged before the rest, and I assure you theie could haue bine content all to haue bine hanged rather than tarry. Our old ragged roggues here hath soe discouraged our new men as, I protest to you, theie looke like dead men. God once deliuer me well of his charge, and I will hange to, yf I take charge of men and not be sure of better pay a forehand. I assure you it will frett me to death or longe, to see my souldiers in this case, and cannot help them. I cry now, peace! peace! for neuer was there such a warr, and a cause so slenderly countenanced; but God will help vs I trust. And you must looke to yourselues there what you will doe, you see the yeare runns on apace."

In a letter soon after, we find him remarking "Her Majestie was offended with me for being absolute governor, but I feare she will shortly finde fault with my little authoritie."

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*Travels in Southern Abyssinia.* By Charles Johnston, M.R.C.S. 2 vols. Madden & Co.

MR. JOHNSTON held the appointment of surgeon, on board the iron armed steamer *Phlegethon*, bound on secret service, as was supposed, to the eastern coast of Africa or India. On reaching Calcutta, in May 1841, he proceeded to carry into effect a long-cherished design of visiting Abyssinia. He therefore proceeded to Aden, and thence, after suitable preparation, he sailed for Tajourah. In March 1842, he started from Tajourah, accompanied by men of the wild Dankalli tribe who haunt the west coast of the Red Sea, and took a south-west route towards Shoa. Dulhull, Gunguntur, Saggadarah, Metta, Murroo, Annee, and Farree, among other places where he stayed, will sufficiently indicate his route. His access to Ankobar, the residence of the British Mission, under Major Harris, was delayed by the jealousy which had been awakened in the Negoos, or King of Shoa, respecting all intercourse between the officers of the Mission and other Englishmen arriving in the country. With Mr. Scott, the surveying draughtsman of the Mission, who had come to Farree to greet him, our traveller was kept, for a time, under parole. The cause of this suspicious detention is thus explained:—

"Mr. Scott candidly admitted that the king did not know the character or purport of the paper he had signed [the Treaty as it is called]; and had only been made aware of the new responsibilities he had incurred, by a sharply-worded expostulatory letter, written by Mr. Krapf, in accordance to the dictation of Captain Harris, on an occasion subsequent to the signing of the treaty, when despatches and letters coming up from the coast were intercepted and detained, for some time, by the orders of the king."

Of this ill-advised letter, our traveller says:—

"The king, on receiving it, might well, considering his great regard for Mr. Krapf previously, turn to him and say, in a tone more of sorrow than of anger 'Did you write that, my father?'"

On his release from Farree, Mr. Johnston proceeded to Ankobar, passing through the village of Aliu Amba, "perched upon a flat-topped, isolated rock," where he afterwards fixed his residence. But we must not attempt to follow the steps of our traveller. On his way to Angolahlah, where the Negoos was residing, we may notice almost the only indication which we find in these volumes of the "Highland" scenery of Abyssinia. On arriving at the summit of the Tchakkah road, Mr. Johnston observes:

"It took us one hour to surmount this awful steep, which, had it been some thousand feet higher, might not, perhaps, have been unjustly compared with similar passes among the Alps; but, even then, the comparison would hold no longer than the ascent, for, arrived upon the summit, the stranger finds no descent, but an extensive table-land spread before him, and he cannot divest himself of an idea, that he has reached some new continent. A Scotch climate, and Scotch vegetation, wheat, barley and linseed, and yet still in inter-tropical Africa; he feels as if there must be some mistake. Everything, in fact, was different to what I had expected, and the nearly black skins of the natives that we met seemed to be unnatural in a country where a chill breeze was blowing."

Arriving at Angolahlah, Mr. Johnston found Anglo-Shoan politics there in an unsatisfactory condition. Thus he states his view of the case:

"For the future, I shall endeavour to relate the incidents of my residence in Shoa with as little allusion to politics as possible; but the reader must excuse the few remarks I have already made, convinced, as I am, that the physical failure of the expedition on the western coast, under Capt. Trotter, is much less to be regretted, than the great moral injury the cause of African civilization and English influence in that continent have sustained by the incapability of one man, and the ill-judged proceedings which characterized his ambassadorial career. I am not the proper person, however, to sit in judgment upon any one; but I know, from personal experience, that, as regards Southern Abyssinia, the merchant and the missionary must now seek other situations, for carrying out their interesting and philanthropic projects for the regeneration of Africa."

On this subject Mr. Johnston says too much or too little. From some unexplained reason, Mr. Johnston was coldly received by Captain Harris, with whom he soon came to an open rupture. Under such circumstances, it was natural that Mr. Johnston should exhibit some of the feelings of a man who believed himself ill-treated, and should criticize rather sharply some of the statements of Captain Harris; but he certainly had no right to deal in hints and insinuations, or to intimate that he could tell much more if he pleased.

Mr. Johnston's portrait of the Negoos of Shoa presents to us an intelligent and well-meaning man, trammelled with defects almost inseparable from his education and circumstances. Surrounded by tribes adhering to a heterogeneous species of Islamism, and in the midst of the confused notions of the Abyssinian church, it is no wonder if his Christian and Islam subjects have been equally in doubt concerning his position with regard to their respective creeds. He was supposed to be on the verge of repudiating the religion of his predecessors, when the missionaries, Messrs. Isenbergh and Krapf, arrived in his country. We may observe here, that Islamism has now its missionaries, directly or indirectly employed in the propagation of their orthodox faith among the superstitious tribes of internal Africa. Mohammedan merchants even, in some instances, contradict the assertion that modern Islamism is careless of making proselytes, by their zeal for the conversion of the heathen negroes; and it may be easily supposed that, when the Kurán has been once well established as the rule of faith, difficulties which do not now exist will be firmly planted in the way of European and Christian influence. But we must turn back, to notice one or two of the incidents which occurred during Mr. Johnston's journey to Shoa. He tells, as other travellers have told, of the danger attending the office of the physician, except in very hopeful cases, among the jealous and superstitious natives, and corroborates our impression of the inexpediency, in the long run, of taking advantage of the faith in all sorts of magic prevalent among barbarous tribes; though he confesses that, in one instance, he was prevailed upon to do so. This instance is an amusing one, but too long for extract; we shall give in preference the account of his first impressions on a view of the table-land of Abyssinia:—

"Thus was my eye conducted, and thus my view travelled, until the diminishing effects of distance gradually confounded particulars, and the strained sight was glad to find a bound to farther vision in the nearly level line, encroaching upon the sky, that chracterizes the bluff termination to the east of the table-land of Abyssinia. All the time I was thus occupied, it never occurred to me that this long slope of about thirty miles, and rising gradually from the elevation of two thousand feet to that of nine thousand feet above the level of the sea,—that this gently inclined plane, covered with thousands of little hills, and as many little valleys, was the district of the so-called Abyssinian Alps. Of course, I had quite a different idea of such a character of country, which required, I thought, the high, towering, romantic rocks of mountain limestone, or of granite, that form the chief features of the Alps of Switzerland, or the equally wild scenery of the mountains of Sweden and Norway. I expected that I had yet to travel a long, long distance to obtain a view of those which I supposed to be stupendous hills, and never dreamt that such a sacrifice of truth for effect could be made, or such an erroneous judgment formed, as to call these little eminences the Abyssinian Alps. It is ridiculous so to name a succession of low, denuded hills; the top of almost every one of them being the perching-place of a little hamlet or town, whilst their sides are most beautifully cultivated to their very summits, and exhibit, on the lower portions of the inclined plane, fields of cotton, of teff, or of maize; whilst the ascent, on the journey to Shoa, admits of wheat, barley, and linseed being produced. Little rivulets, whose constant course has deepened their channels into valleys, and formed these hills out of the one level slope, trickle down until, by combining, they form streams, which some-

times do, and sometimes do not, reach the Hawash. This river is, in fact, entirely formed of the waters of this slope, which is the prominent feature of the intermediate country between its stream and the terminating edge of the table-land above. A concluding remark upon the subject is, that it would be difficult to find one of these Abyssinian Alps that, from its own base, independent of its position upon the slope, would measure seven hundred feet high."

We cannot see how either of the names, Alps or Highlands, can be applied to such a region as that just described, except on the principle of the famous etymology of *lucus*.

Many puzzling contradictions among travellers might have been avoided by a little more penetration into the character of the natives whose reports have been recorded. Mr. Johnston found reason to suspect the credibility of many of his guides and instructors. Here is one instance:—

"Himyak, who was standing by, asked me if I knew what ivory was, or had ever seen an elephant. It so happened that I did not know the meaning of the word '*feel*,' which is the Arabic term for elephant, and, as I hesitated in replying, Ebin Izaak, supposing I had never seen or heard of one, pointing to a large mimosa tree, informed me it was a *cow* as high as that; whilst another, with the butt end of his spear, drew a circle on the ground, having a diameter of about six feet, and swore positively that was the size of the animal's foot. Such is the information we generally get from natives; and whether in natural history or geography a traveller must exercise great caution in noting down accounts or descriptions which he receives. A native said this, or a native said that, is the cause of all the confusion that exists upon many important questions connected with central Africa."

We do not see, as our traveller does, an analogy in every respect between the moving columns of sand, frequent in Africa, and the account given in Exodus, xiii. 21, 22, xiv. 19, 20, 24. Did one of these sand-spouts ever remain stationary during a whole night?—

"To-day I witnessed a very interesting proof of the great similarity between the climate and physical character of this country and that through which Moses led the Israelites in their flight from Egypt. A few drops of rain and some distant claps of thunder accompanied this phenomenon. In a few minutes the sky clearing, the short silence of the camp gave way to a burst of shouting and laughing, as the people chased the retiring column in pursuit of their flying mats and ropes. I got out of my retreat, and saw, moving towards the west an immense pillar of sand, reaching from earth to heaven, in form and size exactly like the huge water-spouts I have seen out at sea off the island of Ceylon. On asking Ohmed Medina respecting these sand-spouts, and whether they were common in Adal, he told me that sometimes twenty or thirty of them might be seen at once upon extensive plains which admitted of their formation, and added that they were always accompanied by rain, and with the sheet lightning in the horizon by night, and that these signs directed the Bedouins to situations where they would not fail to find water for their flocks."

Of course our traveller, like other Europeans in semi-barbarous countries, was supposed to be a walking encyclopædia of all arts and professions; and during his residence at Aliu Amba, among other calls upon his ingenuity, one of the Negoos' body guard brought to him a damaged fire-lock for repair. From this visitor, who was a Galla, Mr. Johnston elicited some statements respecting the countries south and west of Shoa:—

"On inquiring, however, what knowledge Karissa had of the Bahr oul Abiad, I found that he was entirely ignorant of such a river, and when I modified the name, by calling it the river of the Tokruree, or blacks, he instantly conceived I was speaking of the Kalli, that is well known to flow to the south and east of Kuffah into the Indian Ocean, and by which caravans of slaves are constantly passing between Zingero and the coast of Zanzibar. There must, in fact, exist in this situation a most available road into the very centre of the continent of Africa, for I have subsequently seen Nubian slaves, who had been in the service of Zaid Zaid, Imaum of Zanzibar, that corroborated this statement of Karissa in every particular respecting the transit of slaves across the table-land of Abyssinia, from Sennaar to Lamoo, on the Indian Ocean, and so to the market of Zanzibar. Beyond the Abiah, I was now told, a nation of white people like ourselves existed, but who were cannibals, and had all their utensils made of iron; that they boiled and eat all intruders into their country. He stated, positively, that he had himself seen a woman of this people who had been brought to Enarea, and who had confirmed all the statements he was now making to me. To relate here all the absurd nonsense that Karissa entertained me with, would be sadly misappropriating space; but I could gather from the reports that a singular race of men live in the most jealous seclusion in a large desert-surrounded table-land, similar in many respects to that of Abyssinia. That they were civilized was evident, from the fact of their writing being said to be quite different from the Geez, and it is not a nation just emerged from barbarism that would possess a knowledge of such an abstruse art as that of writing. As to the tale of their being cannibals, I recollected that, even at the present day, the very same report is entertained and believed by the negroes around Kordofan, of European habits, and that we ourselves are supposed by them to be cannibals. In this manner a stigma of cannibalism has been attached to the Dankalli, but which only shows how careful travellers ought to be before they promulgate such strange and absurd stories."

The whole value of this statement regarding the country of white Africans must of course depend on the character and abilities of the reporter. Mr. Johnston, who himself suggests that great caution is to be observed in receiving such stories, calls Karissa intelligent; but the question naturally arises, might not the whole story, which was so evidently mixed with "absurd" statements, be a figment of barbarian imagination?

Shoa, of itself, has no great ethnological interest; but is bounded on the south-west by other countries, Guragué, Enarea, Limmoo, and Zingero, still shrouded in mystery, and of which we have only rumours that tempt to exploration. Of the two hypotheses respecting internal Africa, one speaking of a civilized nation there, and the other only indicating the deepest barbarism, we are inclined to an intermediate opinion, so inconceivable to us is the case of a people civilized, yet isolated, and never reaching the sea coast. This is as difficult a case for our imagination as that of which Wordsworth speaks in his fairy canoe,—

> Fair is the land as evening skies,
> And *cool*, though in the depth it lies
> Of *burning* Africa!

Our traveller, however, has brighter hopes: he says—

"Nothing can be positively asserted; but I believe, myself, that we are on the eve of a most interesting ethnological and geographical discovery, that will at once afford a solution to all the strange and improbable accounts which have reached us respecting the inhabitants of central Africa. What we hear of dwarfs, cannibals, and communities of monkeys, may, perhaps, prove to be merely a muddied stream of information conveyed to us through the medium of ignorant and barbarous tribes; but which may have a foundation of an unexpected character in the existence of a nation in this situation, which, almost physically separated from the rest of the world by impassable deserts and unnavigable rivers, has continued in its original integrity that perfect condition of society which, once general, then almost extinguished, evidently preceded the barbarism from which the present transition-state has emerged, and which I believe to be gradually progressing to the re-attainment of the previous excellence of the primeval social institutions."

We must confess, that we do not see the connexion between these stories of dwarfs, cannibals and monkey-kings, and the supposition of a civilized, or rather, as Mr. Johnston says, a primitive people in the interior. It will be recollected by the readers of Mr. Stephens's interesting volumes on Yucatan, that he heard there similar reports among the Indians of an isolated nation; and, indeed, nothing is more natural than that such fables should hover on the outskirts of barbarian intelligence, as, in our childhood, we dreamed of ogresses beyond the blue hills that bounded our horizon. But we must not utterly dismiss Karissa's story of the white Africans on Hume's principle of scepticism, setting our general considerations of climate and circumstances essential to civilization, against all such reports. It is, certainly, deserving of notice, that Ignatius Pallme (whose published travels are reviewed *ante*, p. 639), but whose information on the course of the Bahr-Abiad, or White Nile, was given in the *Athenæum* for January 1840) received a report essentially similar to that of Karissa, from sources which he considered worthy of attention. This report was as follows:—

"On the hills, in the neighbourhood of Banda, a race of people dwell, quite uncivilized in manner, warlike and predatory in habit; the enemy, and even the terror, of all the bordering negro-tribes. They are of a white complexion, like the Arabs in Egypt, of regular feature, well-grown, and have large blue eyes. They are called by the negroes, Bandanianiam (*Anthropophagi*), and are said to be of Jewish extraction. The Sultan of Banda institutes hunts to kidnap the girls of this tribe, and Sultan Mohammed Fadel, of Darfour, has a few of them in his harem."

The point in which the two reports differ, is that of civilization, on which Mr. Johnston's evidence was insufficient.

Should Abumedina, the brother of Mohammed Fadel, tyrant of Darfour, or any other prince favourable to European intercourse, gain the throne of Darfour, there may be opened a way through that kingdom to the inmost recesses of Africa, and many of the interesting mysteries of the countries to the south may be cleared up.

We now come to Mr. Johnston's explanation of the reports concerning the Doko, or nation of dwarfs. Doko, as our traveller supposes, may designate the slave country, or, perhaps, signifies as much as our *terra incognita*, as he finds the same word entering into the name of the unknown countries situated to the south of Bornou and the Mandara range. Mr. D'Abbadie has reported that, to the South of Enarea and Kuffah, a nation of Shankalli reside, to whom the name Doko was given. Ludolph, in a note appended to his map, states a report, that the King of Zingero was a monkey; and M. de Lisle, though satisfied of the human nature of the people of Zingero, still, occupied with the report of a dwarf-nation, places a country, on his map, to the south-west of Zingero, supposed to be inhabited by dwarfs, the name of whom, he was informed, was Makoko. Now, says Mr. Johnston, in the Amharic language, the word Zingero signifies a baboon, and Makoko is the term for a monkey. Before we give Mr. Johnston's reasons for placing the Doko among the monkey-tribes, it is only fair to remark, that Major Harris does not limit the liturgy of these supposed human dwarfs to the syllables "*Yare! Yare!*" but adds certain deprecations, which must be very pathetic when uttered by the supplicants in that inverted position which was the delight of Mr. Quilp's errand-boy (see *Athen.* No. 846). But these supplementary ejaculations are, evidently, spurious, and we incline to Mr. Johnston's more probable hypothesis that the monkeys may have given rise to the report of a nation of pigmies.

"I will now direct attention to the principal characteristics of the modern Doko; but I may observe, that no Abyssinian I ever questioned upon the subject, either learned or Kuffah slave, could give me

any information, excepting an old servant of Dr. Krapf, Roophael, who seemed fully acquainted with them, and I have seen him amusing a whole circle of Shoans with his relation of these people. But be it observed, that Ludolph's 'History of Ethiopia' formed a part of his master's library; and he appeared perfectly familiar with the plate of the ant-eating monkeys, to which he always referred as his authority for his strange tale. The fullest account of these dwarfs is found in Major Harris's recent work, The 'Highlands of Ethiopia.' These, such as they are described, cannot, certainly, be men possessing reasoning powers; and without that necessary characteristic of human nature, I cannot conceive how the idea could have been entertained for an instant, that the Doko belonged to our species, or that they could have been believed to be the dwarfs supposed to exist in Africa by those ancient authors who have in their works treated upon the subject. Had it been shown that they possessed any attribute of humanity, a knowledge of God, for example, beyond a mere prostration with their feet against a tree, and a calling upon '*Yare! Yare!*' when in trouble or pain; or of social order beyond mere gregarious instinct; or of the simplest arts of life, requiring the exercise of the least reasoning powers;—then there might have been some reason to accord to the Doko the dignity of belonging to our species; but when we are fully acquainted with the character and manner of living of an animal, that coincides exactly with the chief characteristics of the habits of the Doko, it would have been more philosophical to have classed them at once with monkeys. In that case, no reasonable objection could have been made to the supposition that they were a new and distinct variety of that animal, and which, perhaps, admitted of domestication to a much greater extent than any with which we are at present acquainted. 'None are ever sold out of the countries bordering the Gochob, and none, therefore, find their way to Shoa.' This I consider to be another evidence of their being monkeys; for had they been real men and women, slave-dealers would most certainly have conveyed some of them either into northern Abyssinia or to Zanzibar. That the Doko may be monkeys admitting of considerable domestication I am the more inclined to believe, from the fact that the ancient Egyptians did call to their aid such a species of animal servants; and in many of the representations of the habits and arts of that interesting people, will be found instances where monkeys are employed upon the duty they are so well adapted for—that of collecting fruits for their masters."

It is to be regretted that ill health and his isolated situation prevented our traveller from making excursions into those countries on the confines of Shoa, which are closely connected with the interest of African discovery. Of the ground over which he travelled, and the places where he stayed, he gives us, we believe, a faithful account; and his numerous anecdotes, though separately of little weight, combine to produce a fair impression of the people: but we cannot say much in favour of his historical, ethnographical, or geographical speculations.

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*Essays on Natural History.* By Charles Waterton. Second Series. Longman & Co.

THOSE of our readers who are acquainted with Mr. Waterton's "Wanderings" in South America, and the first series of his essays on Natural History, will not regret the appearance of a second. The circumstances that have led to the publication we shall state in his own words:

"The volume which I now present to an indulgent public, is an unsolicited donation to the widow of my poor departed friend Mr. Loudon, whose vast labours in the cause of Science have insured to him an imperishable reputation. If this trifling present on my part shall be the medium of conveying one single drop of balm to the wound, which it has pleased heaven lately to inflict on the heart of that excellent lady, my time will have been well employed, and my endeavours amply requited."

In the present volume of Essays, as in the last, perhaps the most pleasing, and that which will be most generally acceptable, is the author's account of himself,—his own natural history of an amusing specimen of the human race. It is pleasant to find a man in this nineteenth century with all the faith and enthusiasm of the thirteenth, visiting Rome as a pilgrim, entering deeply into the spirit of that form of religion which gave the city her later glory, believing devoutly in the cures of Prince Hohenlohe, and in the miracle of the liquefaction of St. Januarius! We know not if a mind thus constituted be fitted to advance the sciences connected with the study of natural history, but we know that it is well adapted to give an interest to every passing scene, and to throw a charm around science, which some of its professors are very fond of setting up in the form of a skeleton.

The author commences the account of himself, in the present volume, where he left off in the last, and carries on the events of his life from 1837 to 1844. During most of this time he was on the Continent. Having settled affairs at home and "called up the gamekeeper and made him promise, as he valued his place, that he would protect all hawks, crows, herons, jays, and magpies within the precincts of the park," during his absence, he started by steamer with his son and two sisters-in-law from Hull for Rotterdam, thence passed the usual route through Belgium and up the Rhine, on their route to the Eternal City. The Alps are passed, and the blue sky, the delightful temperature, and delicious air, remind the travellers that they are in Italy. We now approach Rome, and those who know Mr. Waterton will be anxious to hear something of the penance, which he is said to have voluntarily performed on entering the city, and by which he was supposed to have offended the less pious followers of his own religious persuasion. We give the author's own version of this affair:—

"I had a little adventure on the road from Baccano to Rome not worth relating, but which I deem necessary to be introduced here in order that some of my friends in the latter city, and others in England, may not give me credit for an affair which deserves no credit at all. These good friends had got it into their heads that I had reached Rome after walking barefoot for nearly twenty miles, in order to show my respect and reverence for the sacred capital of the Christian world. Would that my motive had been as pure as represented! The sanctity of the churches, the remains of holy martyrs which enrich them, the relics of canonized saints placed in such profusion throughout them, might well induce a Catholic traveller to adopt this easy and simple mode of showing his religious feeling. But unfortunately, the idea never entered my mind at the time; I had no other motives than those of easy walking and of self-enjoyment. The affair which caused the talk, took place as follows. We had arrived at Baccano in the evening, and whilst we were at tea, I proposed to our excellent friend Mr. Fletcher, who had joined us at Cologne, that we should leave the inn at four the next morning on foot for Rome, and secure lodgings for the ladies, who would follow us in the carriage after a nine o'clock breakfast. Having been accustomed to go without shoes month after month in the rugged forests of Guiana, I took it for granted that I could do the same on the pavement of his Holiness Pope Gregory the Sixteenth, never once reflecting that some fifteen years had elapsed from the time that I could go barefooted with comfort and impunity; during the interval, however, the sequel will show that the soles of my feet had undergone a considerable alteration. We rose at three in the morning after, and having put a shoe and a sock or half-stocking into each pocket of my coat, we left the inn at Baccano for Rome just as the hands of our watches pointed to the hour of four. Mr. Fletcher having been born in North Britain, ran no risk of injuring his feet by an act of imprudence. The sky was cloudless and the morning frosty, and the planet Venus shone upon us as though she had been a little moon. Whether the severity of the frost which was more than commonly keen, or the hardness of the pavement, or perhaps both conjoined, had deprived my feet of sensibility, I had no means of ascertaining; but this is certain, I went on merrily for several miles without a suspicion of any thing being wrong, until we halted to admire more particularly the transcendent splendour of the morning planet, and then I saw blood on the pavement; my right foot was bleeding apace, and on turning the sole uppermost, I perceived a piece of jagged flesh hanging by a string; seeing that there would be no chance of replacing the damaged part with success, I twisted it off, and then took a survey of the foot by the light which the stars afforded. Mr. Fletcher, horror-struck at what he saw, proposed immediately that I should sit down by the side of the road, and there wait for the carriage, or take advantage of any vehicle which might come up. Aware that the pain would be excessive so soon as the lacerated parts would become stiff by inaction, I resolved at once to push on to Rome; wherefore, putting one shoe on the sound foot, which, by the way, had two unbroken blisters on it, I forced the wounded one into the other, and off we started for Rome, which we reached after a very uncomfortable walk. The injured foot had two months' confinement to the sofa before the damage was repaired. It was this unfortunate adventure which gave rise to the story of my walking barefooted into Rome, and which gained me a reputation by no means merited on my part."

Our author's impressions of Rome were such as those which every right-minded man would have, be he classic or natural philosopher, heathen or Catholic. He has, however, a love of animals lower than man, that give them a consequence in his eyes, which they seldom find amongst travellers, and we are thus led into some of the bye-ways of Rome:—

"I fear the world will rebuke me when I tell it, that instead of ferreting out antiquities and visiting modern schools of sculpture and of painting, I passed a considerable portion of my time in the extensive bird-market of Rome. I must, however, remark, that the studio of Vallati, the renowned painter of wild boars, had great attractions for me; and I have now at home a wild boar done by him in so masterly a style, and finished so exquisitely, that it obtains unqualified approbation from all who inspect it. The bird-market of Rome is held in the environs of the Rotunda, formerly the Pantheon. Nothing astonished me more than the quantities of birds which were daily exposed for sale during the season; I could often count above four hundred thrushes and blackbirds, and often a hundred robin red-breasts in one quarter of it; with twice as many larks, and other small birds in vast profusion. In the course of one day, seventeen thousand quails have passed the Roman custom-house; these pretty vernal and autumnal travellers are taken in nets of prodigious extent on the shores of the Mediterranean. In the spring of the year and at the close of summer, cartloads of ringdoves arrive at the stalls near the Rotunda. * * As you enter Rome at the Porta del Popolo, a little on your right, is the great slaughter-house, with a fine stream of water running through it. It is probably inferior to none in Italy, for an extensive plan, and for judicious arrangements. Here some seven or eight hundred pigs are killed on every Friday during the winter season. Nothing can exceed the dexterity with which they are despatched. About thirty of these large and fat black pigs are driven into a commodious pen, followed by three or four men, each with a sharp skewer in his hand, bent at one end, in order that it may be used with advantage. On entering the pen these performers, who put you vastly in mind of assassins, make a rush at the hogs, each seizing one by the leg, amid a general yell of horror on the part of the victims. Whilst the hog and the man are struggling on the ground, the latter, with the rapidity of thought, pushes his skewer betwixt the fore leg and the body, quite into the heart, and there gives it a turn or two. The pig can rise no more, but screams for a minute or so, and then expires. This process is continued till they are all despatched, the brutes sometimes rolling over the butchers, and sometimes the butchers over the brutes, with a yelling enough to stun one's ears. In the mean time, the screams become fainter and fainter, and then all is

silence on the death of the last pig. A cart is in attendance; the carcasses are lifted into it, and it proceeds through the street, leaving one or more dead hogs at the doors of the different pork shops. No blood appears outwardly, nor is the internal hemorrhage prejudicial to the meat, for Rome cannot be surpassed in the flavour of her bacon, or in the soundness of her hams."

As may be supposed, Mr. Waterton looked forward with anxiety to the day on which the public beasts of burden should receive a public benediction:—

"At last the day arrived on which the beasts of draught and burden were to receive a benediction from the hand of a priest at the door of St. Anthony's church. The sun shone brightly, and the scene was truly exhilarating. Every horse, and mule, and ass, was decked out in splendid colours, and in trappings corresponding with the means of their owners, whose faces bespoke the joy of their hearts, and whose orderly conduct at once proclaimed the religious feeling which had brought them to the place. When the animals had received the benediction, they passed onwards with their masters, to make room for those behind them; and this was the order of the day, until the last blessing upon the last animal brought the exhibition to a close. As this scene of primeval piety was going on, an English gentleman, with whom I had a slight acquaintance, and who was standing by my side, remarked that he was tired with looking at such a scene of superstitious folly. 'If it be folly,' said I, in answer to his remark, 'to give a blessing to an animal in one shape, it is certainly folly to pronounce a benediction upon an animal under another. And still we all do this in England, and in every other Christian country. Where is the well-regulated family which, on sitting down to a leg of boiled mutton and caper sauce, does not beg the blessing of Almighty God upon it, through the mouth of the master of the house, or by the ministry of a clergyman, if present? "Benedicite omnia opera Domini, Domino!" Who ever thinks of cutting up a young roasting-pig, immersed in delicious gravy, and hot from the kitchen, without asking a blessing on it?—"Bless us, O Lord, and these thy gifts!"

Here is another instance of our author's love of animals. He cannot pass them by; it signifies not to him whether they are boa constrictors, crocodiles, or buffaloes, he must examine, admire, frighten, or kill them:—

"As we were resting our horses at a little inn on the side of the road, I had a fine opportunity of getting close to a very large herd of Italian buffaloes. These wild-looking animals have got a bad name for supposed ferocity, and when I expressed my determination to approach them, I was warned by the Italians not to do so, as the buffaloes were wicked brutes, and would gore me to death. Having singled out a tree or two of easy ascent where the herd was grazing, I advanced close up to it, calculating that one or other of the trees would be a protection to me, in case the brutes should prove unruly. They all ceased eating, and stared at me as though they had never seen a man before. Upon this, I immediately threw my body, arms, and legs, into all kinds of antic movements, grumbling loudly at the same time; and the whole herd, bulls, cows, and calves, took off, as fast as ever they could pelt, leaving me to return sound and whole to the inn, with a hearty laugh against the Italians."

Every thing went on prosperously, till the travellers thought themselves fairly afloat on board a steamer for England. They embarked on board the ill-fated *Pollux*, which was run down by the *Mongibello*, in the Mediterranean. We cannot give our author's prose account of this terrible incident, but the cause of it he has immortalized in verse:—

The Pollux once so fine,
No longer cleaves the wave,
For now she lies supine,
Deep in her wat'ry grave.

When she received her blow,
The captain and his mate
Were both asleep below,
Snoring in breechless state.

If I the power possess'd,
I'd hang them by the neck,
As warning to the rest,
How they desert the deck.

Our treasures, and our clothes,
With all we had were lost,
The shock that caus'd our woes
Took place on Elba's coast.

We must, however, leave the tourist and turn to the naturalist. The essays, though, perhaps, the least generally interesting part of the volume, are not wanting in amusing and curious matter; although they certainly do not possess so much natural history, properly so called, as his previous productions. But they are readable—for the author throws the interest of his own personality about whatever he observes, and consequently we are disposed to be pleased wherever he chooses to lead us. However important in a scientific point of view the facts narrated, Mr. Waterton does not consider himself bound to confine his remarks to the subject in hand. He thus finishes his essay on 'The Powers of Vegetation,' in which he gives an account of a nut-tree that had grown through the hole of a millstone, and had succeeded in lifting it from the earth:—

"Strangers often inspect this original curiosity. When I meet a visitor whose mild physiognomy informs me that his soul is proof against the stormy winds of politics, which now-a-days set all the world in a ferment, I venture a small attempt at pleasantry, and say, that I never pass this tree and millstone without thinking of poor old Mr. Bull, with a weight of eight hundred millions of pounds round his galled neck;—fruitful source of speculation to a Machiavel, but of sorrow to a Washington."

Amongst these essays is a paper on the domestic swan. We extract the following remarks for the benefit of the cygnets in St. James's Park:

"Where swans are kept on a moderately-sized sheet of water, the old ones, as spring approaches, begin to pursue their own brood with a ferocity scarcely conceivable. It is an unceasing pursuit, both night and day; till at last, the poor fugitives, worn out with exertion, betake themselves to the land, where the unnatural parents allow them to stay, and then desist from further persecution, until the young ones return to the water. To curb these rancorous proceedings on the part of the parent birds, I cut through the web of their feet, and this at once diminished their powers of speed. The young birds soon perceived the change in their favour, and profited by it; for, on finding that they could easily outswim their pursuing parents, they set their fury at nought, and kept out of their reach with very little exertion."

Amongst other natural history subjects is an essay on the extinct species—chimney-sweep. Mr. Waterton becomes pathetic on this subject, and says, that when a boy, he should have liked to climb chimneys himself. The work concludes with a characteristic essay on tight shoes, tight stays, and cravats. Mr. Waterton is an instructive writer, and feels more than most men the pressure of society. He has, however, come greatly under the influence of civilization, or how can we reconcile his walking into Rome with bleeding feet, with the following passage?

"He was a cunning and a clever shoemaker who first succeeded in turning old Grandfather Square-toes into ridicule, and in setting up young Sharpfoot as a pattern for universal imitation. What must have been poor old Dame Nature's surprise and vexation when she saw and felt the abominable change? The toes have their duty to perform, when the frame of man is either placed erect, or put in motion: shoes at best are a vast incumbrance to them; but when it happens that shoes are what is called a bad fit, then all goes wrong indeed, and corns and blisters soon oblige the wearer of them to wend his way

With faltering step and slow.

When I see a man thus hobbling on, I condemn both his fortitude and folly: his fortitude, in undergoing a pedal martyrdom without necessity; and his folly in wearing, for fashion's sake, a pair of shoes so ill adapted to his feet in size and shape. Corns are the undoubted offspring of tight shoes; and tight shoes the proper punishers of human vanity. If the rules of society require that I should imprison my toes, it does not follow that I should voluntarily force them on the treadmill. The foot of man does not end in a point; its termination is nearly circular. Hence it is plain and obvious, that a pointed shoe will have the effect of forcing the toes into so small a space that one will lie over the other for want of room. By having always worn shoes suited to the form of my foot, I have now at sixty-two the full use of my toes; and this is invaluable to me in ascending trees."

The obvious advantage we may hope for, when "ascending trees," at sixty-two, ought, we think, to be conclusive on this subject.

## OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

*The Orphan of Waterloo*, a tale, by Mrs. Blackford, author of 'The Eskdale Herd-boy.'—This is the first volume of William Hazlitt's 'Holiday Library.' In a pleasantly written prospectus, the success of Captain Marryat's 'Masterman Ready,' Miss Martineau's 'Playfellow,' and the 'Stories of Old Daniel' (the writer might have added William Howitt's 'Boy's Country Book'), is appealed to, in proof that the supply of such literature is encouraged by a demand. We are sorry not to be able to admit 'The Orphan of Waterloo' to companionship with the popular books cited. We have no objection that romance of the proper kind—which is the fantastic and the ideal—should be offered to young persons. There is little danger now-a-days of any one, like Hood's old woman, fancying that

Little Prince Silver-wings has ketched (him) up,
And set (him) down in some one else's garden!

little danger of any one acting upon a belief in the Red Cloak of Musæus' *Stumme Liebe:* or wandering in search of the old woman, the dog, and the bird, described in the most excellent of Tieck's *Märchen:* that picture of forest life, which returns again and again, like a soothing dream, to quell the town-fever which life and occupation bring upon the strongest. But when we come to pictures of real life, there *is* danger from tales of fortunes lost and found, of cruel relations made kind as by miracle, and coming to light at the precise moment when the Fates seem disposed to crush the adventurer. If these things have reality enough to impress, what follows? that the boy is encouraged to build air-castles, rather than to endure; to fancy some magical solution of the difficulties of his own lot, rather than to encourage a spirit which overcomes trial by perseverance, or entertains it cheerfully if insuperable by human energy and ingenuity. Nothing can have been more amiable than Mrs. Blackford's intention in writing 'The Orphan of Waterloo;' but nothing can be much less *moral* (in the highest sense of the word, to which we must always refer as standard, with reference to a branch of literature so important) than the production as it stands.

*Zareefa, a Tale, and other Poems*, by the author of 'Cephalus and Procris,' &c. A small volume which contains translations from Novalis and other German writers, together with some from the Greek poets. The original portion of the book is marked with elegance and taste, and the principal poem is not without merit.

*The Theses of Erastus touching Excommunication*, translated by the Rev. R. Lee, D.D.—Dr. Lee has published this little work in consequence of the charge of Erastianism having been brought against the Scottish Establishment by their brethren of the Free Church. He shows that none of the points mooted by Erastus have the slightest connexion with the points at issue between the kirk and the seceders; in fact, Erastus protested against the abuse of excommunication and ecclesiastical censure, in which Calvin and Beza indulged so freely; and this abuse has been long since abandoned by all parties. We are not sorry that Erastus has been thus brought under our notice; he was one of the most temperate and sensible of the minor writers among the early reformers, and it would be well if many of greater note had imitated his candour and moderation.

*Analysis of Alvary's Prosody.*—A useful manual, well calculated to aid in a difficult branch of instruction.

*Conversations on the History of England*, by Mrs. Marcet.—Written in the easy pleasant style for which this lady's child-books are remarkable.

*List of New Books.*—Watson's Easy and Comprehensive Introduction to Algebra, 2nd edit. 12mo. 3*s.* bd.—Gunn's Desultory Hours, 18mo. 3*s.* cl.—Evenings of a Working Man, by John Overs, with a Preface relative to the author, by C. Dickens, 12mo. 5*s.* cl.—Christian Politics, by Rev. W. Sewell, 12mo. 6*s.* cl.—The Holy Land: Sketches of the Jews and the Land of Palestine (Christian Family Library, Vol. XLII.) fc. 8vo. 6*s.* cl.—Sunday Afternoons at Home, by the author of the 'Listener,' fc. 8vo. 6*s.* cl.—Dobney's Formulary of Devotion, 12mo. 1*s.* 6*d.* cl.—Knox's History of the Reformation in Scotland, 8vo. 12*s.* cl.—Sir Roland Ashton, a Tale of the Times, by Lady Catherine Long, 2 vols. 8vo. 16*s.* cl.—The Iniquities and Barbarities of the Church of Rome in the Nineteenth Century, by Raffaelle Ciocci, 12mo. 3*s.* cl.—Persecutions of Popery, by Frederic Shoberl, 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 1*s.* cl.—Garbett's Parochial Sermons, Vol. II., 8vo. 12*s.* cl.—The Grahame Family, or Historical Portfolio, opened by Hussey Gould, fc. 8vo. 6*s.* cl.—Henri de Clermont, or the Royalists of La Vendée, by Rev. W. Gresley, 18mo. 2*s.* cl.—Logarithmic Tables, by Robert Shortrede, royal 8vo. 4*l.* 4*s.* cl.—Galley Knight's Ecclesiastical Architecture of Italy, second series, imp. folio, 5*l.* 5*s.* hf-bd.—Five Tales of Old Time, square, 6*s.* cl.—Horne's New Spirit of the Age, new edit. 2 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 4*s.* cl.—The Voyage of Life, a Tale by Georgina C. Munro, 3 vols. royal 12mo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Coningsby, 3rd edit. 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Facts and Fictions, by Mrs. Postans, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 7*s.* bds.—The Portfolio, Diplomatic Review, new series, Vol. III., 8vo. 9*s.* cl.—Knight's Library Edition of Shakspere, Vol. III., 8vo. 10*s.* cl.—The Young Widow, a Novel, in 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Archbishop Ussher's Works, Vol. XIII., 8vo. 12*s.* cl.—Don Carlos, translated from the German of Schiller, by C. H. Cottrell, 8vo. 8*s.* cl.—Historical Essay on the Doctrine of Life Contingencies, by E. J. Farren, crown 8vo. 4*s.* cl.—Chronicles of the Seasons, Book III., fc. 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.* cl.—Rowan's History of the French Revolution, fc. 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.* cl.—Dorrington's Young Arithmetician's Companion, 18mo. 1*s.* 6*d.* cl.—Footsteps to Natural History, with coloured Illustrations, square, 4*s.* cl.—Beatson's Greek Iambic Verse, 4th edit. 12mo. 3*s.* cl.—The Ajax of Sophocles, with Notes, &c., by T. Mitchell, 8vo. 5*s.* cl.—Atlas Prize Essay, National Distress, its Causes, &c., by S. Laing, 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.* cl.—The Odes of Horace, Book I., literally translated into English Verse, by H. G. Robinson, fc. 8vo. 5*s.* cl.—The Vale of the Towey, or Sketches in South Wales, by Anne Beale, post 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.* cl.

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"Fais ce que dois—advienne que pourra!"

Vainly ye call, amid a living age,
For echoes from the dim entombèd past,
And turn the annals of a cankered page
For the heart's wisdom. Wanes the world so fast,
That even lame Tradition's heritage
Can prop its failing weakness? dare ye cast
A cloak of silence o'er the deadly strife
Which truth and love wage with the wrongs of life?

O men, whose lips are frozen with the taunt,—
"This age has no romance,"—who mutely stand
On our green England's breast—'tis *you* that *want*
The poet's heart to love your native land,—
The poet's eye to read, and voice to chaunt,
In tones of cheering trust, and purpose grand,
O'er the rough waves of rolling centuries,
The hymn of this new time which ye despise.

Aye! and what shame, if still the iron din
Of ponderous wheel, hoarse bell, and rushing car,
'Twixt every pause of song come fiercely in,
Jostling the stately rights of epic war,
And thundering to mankind, "Aspire—and win;
Free homes to make, not flesh and blood to mar!"
The Age of Steam ye call it, weaklings! yea,
'Twill grind your names to dust upon its way.

Life runs less wildly in our latter time,
Of forms and hues less lavish than of old,
Less palpable its pulse's varied chime,
Yet dare ye deem the heart of man grown cold?—
Hath it not clinging, praying hope, and crime
Darkening the hearth stone, and the might untold
Of patient self-denial? do not these
Spring for the poet's touch rare melodies?

And is it fear or scorn that ever keeps
Our few wise teachers from the moated round
Of wealth and pride? The harvest sickle reaps
Tall ears and lowly, by the parent ground
Gifted with kindred nutriment; the steeps
Of haughty birth too fierce a sun hath crowned
With scantier crops: yet not in vain they grow,—
Though good, like ill, shoots hardiest far below.

The faith to dare, the love to compass *all*;
The labouring hand, the god-like planning will;
Be *these* but yours, and ye shall burst the thrall
That keeps the hearts of nations cold and still.
So wrought the great of old,—they whom the fall
Of kingdoms scathed not, nor the palsy chill
Of ages. Strive LIKE THEM, and grasp the crown
Which stars the golden height of their renown.

And know ye, that in wisdom as in might
Are fashioned all God's creatures; doth He make
The gilded beetle *only* in the light
To flaunt his brilliant vest? nay, but to take
His share of labour, suffering, and delight,
And peril life for freedom's blessed sake.
And deem ye not He sets a task as high
To the proud noble, as the summer fly?

The poet bears not rule by pride and scorn,—
His ministers of wrath. Truth is his bride;
And Mercy, tearful as a springtide morn,
Leans on him sisterly; the world is wide,—
So wide his heart is; flowery thoughts are born
Around his feet, and gracious deeds, that hide
Sweet clustering 'neath their leaves: while his deep gaze
Sounds the blue heaven of Love's eternal rays.

Then woe to those weak wranglings which debase
The solemn glory of a priceless aim!
Woe to those antic joustings that replace
The earnest wrestlers on the path of fame!
A challenge has gone forth—the eager press
Of a strong age heaves onward; woe to them
Who, like the mocking Spaniard, sneer to death
Their brethren's creed of high heroic faith.

That faith which nerves the trembling woman's hand
To tempt the echoing maze of mystic strings,
If some true word may answer its command,
Albeit pronounced in leaf-like whisperings:—
O mighty wind voice, sweeping thro' the land,
Whirl thou the strain aloft upon thy wings,
'Mid thousands more, frail sun-rise clouds that flee
Light-sprinkled o'er the sky, telling of what *shall* be!

Tours, June, 1844. THEODOSIA GARROW.

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ON THE DEATH OF THOMAS CAMPBELL.

A voice of sorrow swells on Albion's hills,
For him whose fame her wide dominion fills;
Wake, harp of Erin, wake thy saddest tone,
And mourn the loss of nations as thine own.
Though many a tempest o'er thy skies hath swept,
And many a grave thy weary eyes have wept,
Yet, still, some tears should answer to the knell
Of him who sang thine Exiles' woes so well.

Lost Bard of Hope and Freedom, could our coast
One harp like those of ancient Tara boast,
Its voice should rise amid a nation's gloom
To pour a requiem worthy of thy tomb.
Thou needest not such requiem, while the earth
Hath souls of melody and hearts of worth,—
Thine own proud songs through distant ages sent,
Shall form at once thy dirge and monument.

Long shall Columbia weep through all her woods,
The voice that glorified their solitudes;
Her mighty lakes, her rivers, while they flow,
Shall tell the tale of Gertrude's love and woe;
The Baltic's wave shall answer to thy name,
In echoes blending thine with Nelson's fame;
And England's Mariners, where'er they sail,
Shall give thy glory to the ocean gale.

Oft shall the pilgrim hail on Linden's plain
Thy laurels, guiltless of the battle stain;
And oft the heart, where hope alone remains
Amid its sorrows, bless thy cheering strains.
His deed was worthy of his land who gave
To thine the dust of Kosciusko's grave;*
For thus shall Poland's heart, through ages twine
The memory of her brightest stars with thine.

Go, with thy glory round thee, mighty shade,
With robes unstained and laurels undecayed,
To wake the harp, upon whose golden strings,
Shall fall no shade of Time's destroying wings.
But, O, forgive if in a land so long
The nurse of Poets and the home of Song,
My hand hath dared that holy office claim
Which well might raise our proudest minstrel's fame.

FRANCES BROWN.

July 12th, 1844.

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FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Naples, June 15, 1844.

Passing under the colonnade of the theatre of San Carlo, a short time since, where the letter-writer ever sits to pen some burning billet-doux, and earn his half carlino, I was struck both by the number and respectability, in appearance at least, of those who presented themselves at the table of the presiding deity. I was grieved and astonished at such a scene, deeming it a pretty strong evidence of the existence of a degree of ignorance amongst the people, from which we are happily free: nay, I might have gone even farther in the moment of my surprise, and by one of those sweeping conclusions to which we are but too apt to leap, I might have set down the major part of the population of Naples as profoundly ignorant. Lest I might generalize therefore too rashly, I determined to inquire into the state of the periodical literature of Naples: this, said I, will be a more sure criterion by which to judge of the public mind; here I shall find more correct data than are presented to me in the simple fact of six decrepit old gentlemen with pens, ink and paper, and a table, scribbling love letters under the colonnade of San Carlo. Created, as the periodical literature of a country is, by the intellectual appetite of the people, it must always reflect their mental and moral bias, and degree of cultivation; here then, I thought, will be something tangible and unerring, and accordingly I commenced my inquiries without delay.

I confess that I was rather astonished at the result, little imagining that Naples, where the "*dolce far niente*" seems to prevail, more than in any other part of Italy, where life is passed between the caffé and the theatre, where a new opera attracts as much, or more, attention than a debate in the House of Commons does with us; little imagining, I repeat, that Naples could produce readers sufficient to support twenty-eight periodicals; yet such is the case. There may indeed be more than the number I mention, but as no statistics of the subject can be found here, I am obliged to content myself with an approximation to the truth. These works are published at intervals of two or three months, monthly, and weekly, but what amount of circulation they have I cannot tell you. One fact deserves attention, as it in some degree contributes to the promotion of their circulation, — they pass "free" through the Post, that is, those which are published in sheets. With respect to the price of these periodicals, the dearest, or the highest priced rather, containing about 150 pages of letter-press, is 'Il Progresso,' which sells at five carlini or 1*s.* 10*d.* English money; 'Il Terni Napolitana' at about four carlini, containing 160 pages of fair octavo letter-press. The lowest priced periodical, 'Il Lucifero,' contains 8 folio pages, and sells at four grani, or 2*d.* English. Of the remainder, three sell at three carlini, or 1*s.* 2*d.* English, two at two carlini, equal to 9*d.*, one at one carlino, equal to 4½*d.*, ten at five grani, or 2¼*d.*, four at four grani, equal to 2*d.*, and of six others I cannot learn the price. This is not dear, considering the quantity, rather than the quality, of the letter-press they offer. Nor is the existence of these publications merely of to-day—one has lived twelve years, others eleven, eight, seven, six, years; four have made their appearance only within the last year, and as they are low priced, four or five grani only, it is a fair presumption, perhaps, that a taste for reading is on the increase, amongst those classes by whom it is most needed. One encouraging conclusion may be formed from the statements which I have made, which is, that as those periodicals have existed some years, the circulation must have been remunerative; there must be, in spite of the whirl and the "chiasso," the superstition and ignorance of the Neapolitans, and in spite even of the existence of the old gentlemen of San Carlo, there must be in Naples a large and increasing number of readers, whose influence is circling wider and wider every day, throughout the social community.

Let me now speak of the matter of those periodicals, and the amount of talent employed on them; a delicate and a more difficult subject to treat of, since to treat it worthily implies an intimate knowledge of the language, a general knowledge at least of the subjects discussed, and some acquaintance with the periodicals themselves. I shall therefore preface any remarks of my own by an extract from the letter of a Neapolitan friend, a literary man, whose opinion is entitled to respect.—"You ask me," says he, "what amount of talent is employed on our periodicals: never touch, I beg you, so painful a topic, and, above all, never make comparisons with your England. What developement of talent do you think there can be in a country where the liberty of thinking and writing is so confined as to disgust the most eminent talent, and to deter from the choice of the most important subjects; where the Censure is for the most part intrusted to priests and Jesuits, from which an

* See Athenæum, No. 871.

Amari* has been obliged to fly, merely because his work, though allowed by the censor, has produced a certain impression on the public;—where Ayala† falls into disgrace for having represented in too strong a light the cruel treatment of Murat by the populace; and for this reason only is placed among the suspected, and on the first plausible occasion is arrested and imprisoned in the castle of St. Elmo, as a conspirator against the government? I need not say that such obstacles and dangers repress the developement of thought, and leave the periodicals, for the most part, to be the portion of mediocrity. Notwithstanding, as far as circumstances permit, some are not deficient in good articles, and occasionally by some of our most eminent writers."

I have now on my table a few of these publications, which I will describe as a specimen of the whole. In the first place, then, the 'Poliorama Pittoresca,' which has lived eight years, and is published weekly at the price of 5 grani, or 2¼*d.*, is intended "to diffuse useful knowledge amongst all classes, and to render reading in families agreeable;" the table of contents is arranged under the heads of architecture, archæology, biography, costumes, poetry, painting, sculpture, history, natural history, industry and manufactures, views, literary varieties. Though scarcely equal, perhaps, to the promise of its index, it has considerable merit, and numbers amongst the contributors to it, Tosti, Cæsare, Malpica, and Ayala. Amongst frequent extracts from other publications, I met with some from the *Saturday Magazine*; 'Il Dritto' has lived two years, and sells at 30 grani, or 1*s.* 1½*d.* The number which I possess has articles on the following subjects: 'Are rights (Diritti) inalienable?' 'Definition of Jurisprudence,' 'The Universal History of Legislation.' It is rather a heavy publication, and is limited in its circulation. 'La Scienza e la Fede' has been published now four years, and sells for two carlini. It is a scientific and religious periodical, and proposes, as its name almost indicates, to show how science and religion, that is, the Roman Catholic religion, illustrate and support one another. The index has the three following divisions, Science, Reviews, and Varieties. Under the head of science, in the number which I possess, is an article, entitled a 'Confutation of the principles of morality of Jeremy Bentham,' whose work it seems to regard as subversive of all social morality. It is particularly rabid against some strong expressions of Bentham's on the subject of monastic life. 'Il Lucifero,' one of the cheapest publications, selling at 4 grani, or 2*d.*, has lived seven years. It gives the reports of the proceedings of the Institute of France, and of the several scientific societies in Italy, a philological article, a tale, some varieties, with but scanty literary intelligence, at least connected with Italy. 'Il Salvator Rosa,' a mediocre publication, was presented to the public four years since, and sells for 5 grani, or 2½*d.* It gives reports of theatrical and musical arrangements—a dramatic sketch or two spun out to an interminable length in number after number—a sonnet, and very copious extracts from the European journals. The 'Omnibus,' another of the cheap publications, is of twelve years standing, and sells for 5 grani, or 2½*d.* It has no decided literary or scientific character, but gossips on all subjects, and in a not unpleasing manner. It is therefore admirably suited to the Neapolitans. The number before me opens with a moral tale on the proper education of youth; then follow one or two notices of books recently published, an obituary, the continuation of a novel, anecdotes, correspondence, "a mixture," and theatrical intelligence. Under the head of Correspondence is a letter so illustrative of that bad faith which is, alas! too common in this country, that I cannot forbear from copying it, so politely does it accuse the person whom it addresses of a literary plagiarism. "Sir, we have seen with pleasure in your excellent journal the poem of our contributor Achille de Lanzieres, entitled 'Avviso,' and inserted by us in the Strenna of 1844. But whether by one of those jocose mistakes, which the pen sometimes makes, or whether from an error overlooked in the correction, or from some other innocent cause, under these verses, in place of the author's name, is found a simple initial, F, which is neither in the beginning nor in the middle nor at the end of the author's name. We beg you, therefore, to denounce the error, or else insert this short communication. You, who are a man of letters, understand of what importance is this species of error, though in appearance it is of no moment." This is not a solitary instance of such intimations in the Neapolitan periodicals; in fact, they are but too common. Excuse one other letter of the same character,—"We read in the 'Cicerone,' No. 3, a poem entitled 'The Prayer,' subscribed by the Sig. Francesco Alfonso Perrini, whilst it is copied, in a great part, verse for verse, from another well known and beautiful poem by our friend and contributor Achille de Lanzieres, inserted in the 'Mergellina' under the title of 'I Canti dell' Angelus.' We think it right to remind Perrini and the public of it."

To return from this digression, one of the cheapest publications I have seen is the 'Galleria Letteraria,' published monthly. It has lived now three years, sells at 2 carlini, or 1*s.* 9*d.* English, and contains 110 pages of letter-press. It is written partly in French and partly in Italian, and contains some tolerable lithographed views. In commencing a new volume for this year, it announces its intention of reproducing works of positive value, whatever be their length. "In this manner, says the editor, we shall give to the public many works of value published in Italy, but out of the kingdom of the Two Sicilies, as well as the works of distinguished writers of any nation." Besides such reprints, it gives a great variety, as well as quantity, of matter, as you may infer from the size of the work. Of any other of the periodicals I cannot speak from my own personal observation; for, though I ordered them two months since, I have not yet received them, and the reason assigned for the delay is, "the editors are afraid to trust any copies to the bookseller, and keep therefore the depository of their works at their own houses exclusively, and my bookseller has not been able to obtain them yet." This is another instance of that suspicion and inference of bad faith which prevails throughout this kingdom, which renders commerce a doubtful speculation, and in the commonest affairs of life introduces a distrustfulness which shakes the very foundation of society.

In speaking of the contributors to these works, I may observe, that the very reason which prevents many a man of genius from attempting any large original work, induces him, sometimes, to avail himself of those channels of communication with the public which lie open to him; and hence it happens, that amongst the contributors to the periodicals of Naples are many eminent men, of whom I have named some, and might name others. It follows, therefore, as a matter of course, that at times one meets with well written articles, but almost lost amidst a mass of "Bizzaria," and "Farragine," scraps of unimportant foreign intelligence and meagre tales. Reviews or notices, especially of national publications, are rare, arising from the poverty of the national literature; indeed, the fact is, that throughout the south of Italy freedom of opinion is so much checked, that the press is far from active: how, indeed, can it be otherwise, when such facts stare us in the face as those which I have related, and those which follow? I was conversing with an intelligent bookseller the other day, who showed me a letter to his correspondent in Paris, directing him not to send any more works, as such was the capricious severity of the censorship, that he knew not what works to order. He assured me, that Madame Cottin's exquisite tale of 'Elizabeth, or the Exiles of Siberia,' as well as Byron's works, strictly speaking, were prohibited, though he possessed copies of them. Of one work he had lately been deprived, of the value of eighty ducats, though it contained nothing moral or political in its character; and a friend of his had thirteen copies of the Vicar of Wakefield seized, which as yet had not been restored. Such capricious severity acts, of course, most unfavourably on the literature of the country, and again on the periodicals, depriving them of that which is so interesting and encouraging a feature in the periodical literature of England,—I allude to the reviews and notices of new works.

It is time, however, to bring this letter to a close; a letter which opened with censure, and continued with a defence of the people of Naples. One fact I think I have rendered clear—that in spite of the old gentlemen who sit under the colonnades of San Carlo, and the predominating influence of the Jesuits, and the vast mass of ignorance and superstition which exist here, there "is a remnant," as it were, who are sensible of the importance of mental culture, and who, on the advance themselves, are creating a desire to advance amongst others. "*Festina lente*," however, is essentially an Italian proverb; but let us hope, shortly, that the generation of letter-writers will be extinct; that even the old gentlemen of San Carlo, apparently now as necessary to the building as the columns themselves, will sleep with their fathers, leaving no descendants behind to inherit their honours; that periodical publications will increase and multiply and provide wholesome food for a quick-minded people; and that the Neapolitans, as they are by nature possessed of undoubted talent, will become a well-instructed, thoughtful, and well-governed people.

* Michele Amari, author of 'Un Periodo delle Istorie Siciliane del Secolo XIII.' Compelled to fly from Sicily, he is now residing in Paris, where he has been superintending a new edition of his valuable work, (reviewed, *Athen.* No. 820.)

† Ayala is author of a military dictionary, a 'Discorso sulle vicende dell' Artiglieria,' as well as of several biographic, scientific, and artistic sketches. For one of these, descriptive of a tour to Pizzo, and the death of Murat, he was deprived of his professorship in the military college; and during the affair in Calabria, within the last few months, as he was on the eve of starting for Paris, he was arrested as suspected, and thrown into Castel St. Elmo.

## CHARACTERS IN "AS YOU LIKE IT."—III.

*Conclusion.*

The love affair between Phebe and Silvius contrasts beautifully with that between Orlando and Rosalind. The young shepherd's passionate devotion to "the proud disdainful shepherdess" yet inexperienced in

> the wounds invisible
> That love's keen arrows make,

presents a charming foil to that mutual passion and affection in the two leading personages of the piece, which we find so constant and progressive from the moment of their first interview. It is also the principal means of developing that healthy proportion with which the poet has so exquisitely endowed this heroine's character, between the play of the feelings and the activity of the intellect. She is not love-*sick* and languishing; she is love-*inspired*, to more active benevolence and more happy invention. Thus, upon the old shepherd's intimation to her and Celia—

> If you will see a pageant truly play'd
> Between the pale complexion of true love
> And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain,
> Go hence a little, and I shall conduct you,
> If you will mark it,—

she eagerly replies—

> O, come, let us remove;
> The sight of lovers feedeth those in love:—
> Bring us unto this sight, and you shall say,
> I'll prove a busy actor in their play.

So, indeed, she proves. In the scene that follows, to borrow one of her own subsequent expressions, she "speaks to some purpose." We can hardly, therefore, agree with Mrs. Jameson, that, in the dialogue in question, Phebe is "more in earnest" than her monitress. It is not, however, the wholesome lecture which she reads the scornful beauty, that begins to bring her to reason, but the impression which her look and accent make upon her in the assumed person of Ganymede, as described in that celebrated passage from Phebe's own lips, which we have cited in the first of these papers. Among those lines, how admirably expressive of that essential tenderness which Shakespeare has so constantly combined in this character, with even the keenest flashes of wit and intellect—that fear of wounding, even in reproof—is Phebe's remark—

> And faster than his tongue
> Did make offence, his eye did heal it up.

In the subsequent scene where she reads the letter addressed to her as Ganymede by the shepherdess, her prompt and apt inventiveness is yet more conspicuous, in the means which she devises to increase the disabusing effect of the communication which she makes to Sylvius of Phebe's treacherous offer, by first describing it to him, in exaggerated terms, as a letter of scornful defiance,—though her counsel to the shepherd, not to "love such a woman," is as much thrown away upon the man whom, as she says, "love hath made a tame snake," as her exhortation to requital of his love had been upon the shepherdess herself.

It is remarkable, that the dramatist seems to have studiously heightened the effect of these passages

exhibiting the intellectual ascendancy of his heroine, by the juxtaposition in which he has placed them with others which peculiarly unfold her lively tenderness of feeling. The former scene comes upon her at the moment when she is impatiently expecting Orlando's fulfilment of his first wooing appointment: the latter, in like manner, comes just when she is anxiously awaiting him the second time, his hour being already expired; and is followed immediately by the agitating narrative which produces the fainting scene spoken of in our last paper.

Let us here observe the art with which, after so inauspicious an opening of their courtship, a happy union is brought about between the shepherd and shepherdess without violating probability. First, the instant fulfilment of her lover's prediction—

> O dear Phebe,
> If ever (as that ever may be near)
> You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,
> Then shall you know the wounds invisible
> That love's keen arrows make.

Then, her first sympathetic relenting—

> Silvius, the time was, that I hated thee;
> And yet it is not, that I bear thee love;
> But since that thou canst talk of love so well,
> Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,
> I will endure, &c.

Next, her wooing Ganymede by the very lips of Silvius himself:—

> Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.
> *Sil.* It is, to be all made of sighs and tears;—
> It is, to be all made of faith and service;—
> It is, to be all made of fantasy,
> All made of passion, and all made of wishes;
> All adoration, duty, and observance,—
> All humbleness, all patience, and impatience,—
> All purity, all trial, all observance;—
> And so am I for Phebe.

Thus, the very eloquence which she borrows to plead her own passion, is made to appeal to her awakened feelings more impressively than ever on her lover's behalf. So that when, at last, the flow of those feelings in their original channel is suddenly and hopelessly stopped by the discovery of the real sex of the seeming youth, we can well believe the disappointed shepherdess when, turning to her constant adorer, she says in conclusion—

> Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.

Over all this, however, the beneficently inventive genius of Rosalind presides. But it is the contact into which she is brought with the great misanthrope of the piece, that most eminently draws forth that sound moral wisdom with which the poet has endowed her. They who have speculated upon the question, how far the melancholy of Jaques might be supposed to have been identified with Shakespeare's own feelings at the particular period when this play was composed, might have spared themselves much profitless conjecture, had they attended more closely to his conversations, not only with the "motley-minded" cynic of the piece; but with those three several personages in it who so amply and triumphantly proclaim the theory as well as exhibit the practice of genial humanity and active benevolence—that is, the exiled father of Rosalind, her exiled lover, and her exiled self. The rebukes which the duke administers to the self-absorbed and sarcastic ruminations of the sated voluptuary (not excepting the celebrated speech on the "seven ages," which it has been so customary to cite as Shakespeare's own deliberate and impartial view of human life), are summed up in those two remarkable passages, so characteristic of the generous fortitude of the man whose misfortunes have *not* been of his own procuring, as contrasted with the self-engrossed complaining of the man who *has* been the principal artificer of his own misery:—

> Fie on thee! I can tell what thou wouldst do;—
> Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin:
> For thou thyself hast been a libertine,
> As sensual as the brutish sting itself;
> And all the embossed sores and headed evils
> That thou with licence of free foot hast caught,
> Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.

Again—

> Thou seest, we are not all alone unhappy:
> This wide and universal theatre
> Presents more woeful pageants than the scene
> Wherein we play.

In the like spirit, Orlando answers the proposal of Jaques, that they two shall sit down together and rail against their mistress the world, and all their misery:—

"I will chide no breather in the world, but myself; against whom I know most faults."

But it is Rosalind who is made to reprove, in one breath, both the misanthrope and the cynic, immediately after her first scene with Phebe:—

"*Jaq.* I pr'ythee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

"*Ros.* They say, you are a melancholy fellow.

"*Jaq.* I am so; I do love it better than laughing.

"*Ros.* Those that are *in extremity of either*, are abominable fellows; and betray themselves to every modern censure, worse than drunkards."

Then, when Jaques has described his melancholy as resulting from "the sundry contemplation of his travels":—

"A traveller! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad. I fear, you have sold your own lands, to see other men's; then, to have seen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

"*Jaq.* Yes, I have gain'd my experience.

"*Ros.* And your experience makes you sad: I had rather have a fool to make me merry, than experience to make me sad; and to travel for it, too."

And even when Jaques is hurrying away at the approach of Orlando, the dramatist makes her pursue him with that exquisite characterization of the prevalent coxcombries of returned travellers in general:—

"Farewell, monsieur traveller. Look you lisp, and wear strange suits; disable all the benefits of your own country; be out of love with your nativity; and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are; or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola."

Having now carefully traced, on the page of Shakespeare, the poet's own conception of this exquisitely ideal character, up to its highest intellectual developement, it is time to show succinctly the degradation which it has undergone at the hands of the critics; and how this critical perversion itself has originated, for the most part, in false theatrical interpretation.

Mrs. Jameson's account of Shakespeare's Rosalind embodies the least erroneous of the prevalent views respecting this character. It will therefore suffice to show how much the common estimate sinks below that ideal dignity, as well as beauty, with which we have shown in detail that the poet has endowed it, if we point out the principal misapprehensions regarding it into which the authoress of the 'Characteristics of Women' has been betrayed.

The fundamental error of the critic in appreciating this noble as well as exquisite creation, seems to result from the mistaken attempt which she makes to classify the characters of which she is treating, as "characters of intellect," "characters of affection," &c. Of all characters in fiction, those of Shakespeare least admit of any classification—their individuality is so inherent and essential—so analogous to that of actual and living persons. We have shown before (see *Athen.* Nos. 805, 807) how this classifying notion has misled the writer into underrating the intellectual and imaginative qualities of Imogen; and in the present instance we see the same fallacious endeavour causing her to make exactly the reverse mistake, by assigning too small a proportion to affectionate feeling in the character of Rosalind. Mrs. Jameson, indeed, commits too frequently, regarding these Shakespearian personages, the error so often committed in real life, of taking some prominent part of a character for the whole, or, at least, for a much larger portion of it than it actually constitutes. This too constant habit of estimating a given character simply through looking at it from the outside, rather than by penetrating to its inmost spirit, and then, as it were, surveying it from the centre, has been peculiarly fatal to this pleasing writer's criticism of the more ideal among Shakespeare's female characters. It would even appear to have made her overlook altogether the distinction between his ideal women and his women of real life; so much so, that among those which she classes as "characters of intellect," she actually ranks Rosalind—not only after Portia and Isabella, but even after Beatrice:—

"I come now," she begins, "to Rosalind, whom I should have ranked before Beatrice, inasmuch as the greater degree of her sex's softness and sensibility, united with equal wit and intellect, give her the superiority as a woman; but that, as a dramatic character, she is inferior in force. The portrait is one of infinitely more delicacy and variety, but of less strength and depth," &c.

Yet, surely, the spirit of Rosalind is far more ascendant in this delightfully ideal play than that of Beatrice is in the spirited real-life comedy of 'Much Ado about Nothing.' The source of this false notion as to the comparative *slightness* in the character of Rosalind is, however, distinctly traceable in a following sentence of the authoress's critique:—

"Though Rosalind is a princess, she is a princess of Arcady; and notwithstanding the charming effect produced by her first scenes, *we scarcely ever think of her with reference to them, or associate her with a court and the artificial appendages of her rank.*"

But if any reader or spectator scarcely ever thinks of her in the forest scenes with reference to those previous ones, this is assuredly no fault of Shakespeare's, who, as we have shown in the first of these papers, has laboured most carefully to impress his auditors with the true rank, character, and position of his heroine, so as to make it next to impossible for them so far to forget these afterwards as to see in her only—as Mrs. Jameson expresses it—"a princess of Arcady." The critic, however, proceeds on the same false bias:—

"She was not made to 'lord it o'er a fair mansion,' and take state upon her, like the all-accomplished Portia, but to breathe the free air of heaven, and *frolic* among green leaves. She was not made to stand the siege of daring profligacy, and oppose high action and high passion to the assaults of adverse fortune, like Isabel; but to 'fleet the time carelessly, as they did i' the golden age.' She was not made to bandy wit with lords, and tread courtly measures with plumed and warlike cavaliers, like Beatrice; but to *dance* on the greensward, and 'murmur among living brooks a music sweeter than their own.' Though sprightliness is the distinguishing characteristic of Rosalind, as of Beatrice," &c.

She had already told us:—

"'I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry,' is an adjuration which Rosalind needed not when once at liberty, and *sporting* 'under the greenwood tree.'"

Mrs. Jameson, it should seem, has here literally adopted that reading of Rosalind's opening line on her first appearance in the forest, which Mr. Knight, in contradiction, as he tells us, to "all the modern editions," has deliberately inserted in his own 'Pictorial Shakspere,'—

> O Jupiter! how *merry* are my spirits!—

notwithstanding that Touchstone's reply, "I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary," demands *weary* in the previous line to give it any significance. Mr. Knight, however, in a marginal note, proceeds to support his alteration by an argument which involves a total misconception of the character and the situation: "Whiter," says he, "with great good sense, suggests that Rosalind's merriment was assumed as well as her dress." How, we would ask, does this interpretation agree with her following exclamations on the same occasion:—

> Alas, poor shepherd, searching of thy wound,
> I have by hard adventure found mine own!

and again—

> Jove! Jove! this shepherd's passion
> Is much upon my fashion.

The *assumption* in this case consists in supposing that *merriment*, real or assumed, enters at all into the situation or the character. Here, again, the words of Rosalind to her cousin might be addressed to her histrionic representatives and to her critics: "I show more mirth than I am mistress of, and would you yet that I were merrier?"

It is not, in fact, from the page of Shakespeare, as we have hinted already, that his critics can have drawn any such notion about this personage; but from the traditional ideas, respecting the character and the piece, with which their eyes and ears have been early familiarized upon the modern stage. The fundamental error in the established theatrical treatment of this play, has descended from that *Restoration* period of our dramatic history when, under the ascendancy which the restored court gave to French principles of taste and criticism, it was sought to subject even the great *ideal dramas* of Shakespeare to the commonplace classical circumscriptions of *tragedy* and *comedy*. Here we have a signal example of the perversion which must ever be effected by an endeavour to make the principles of art subordinate to the distinctions of criticism. From that day to this, both managers and editors have insisted that every great original play of

Shakespeare which they found it impossible, according to the common definition, to denominate a tragedy, should, at a venture, be termed a comedy. Since even 'The Tempest,' on this irrationally arbitrary system, is still announced to us as a *comedy*, no wonder that both editorial and theatrical usage should pertinaciously adhere to the same appellation in the case of the 'As You Like It.'

This great, unique, ideal play being, then, once definitively set down upon the manager's books as a comedy, it followed, of course, according to theatrical reasoning, that the part of its heroine was evermore to be sustained by whatever lady should be regarded, by distinction, as the *comic* actress for the time being. Surely, on this principle alone can it have been (notwithstanding all her genuine comic powers) that either the figure, the spirit, or the manner, of a Mrs. Jordan, for instance, could ever have been, not merely tolerated, but relished and applauded, in her personation of the "heavenly Rosalind!" But the managers have not stopped here. When the comic actress of this part, as in the instance just cited, possessed a singing voice, an occasion was to be furnished her of displaying it, how much so ever it might be to the contempt of Shakespeare and consistency, and to the degradation of his heroine. And so, the "cuckoo song" was taken out of the mouth of Armado's page in 'Love's Labour's Lost,' to be warbled in the ears of her lover by the "heavenly Rosalind." This barbarism, however, it is due to Mr. Macready to observe, was suppressed in the last Drury Lane revival of this play; but another gross impropriety was retained, which has contributed not a little to the popular misconception of the character (since it is upheld to this hour by the editors of Shakespeare as well as the managers)—the making *Rosalind herself* come forward to deliver that *unfeminine* epilogue, which its every word shows to have been written for the mouth of the *male* actor who, in Shakespeare's time, constantly enacted "the lady's" part, and to be spoken in his proper masculine person.

But the point in the last London revival of the play which most peculiarly demands observation in this place is, the perpetuation which it exhibits of the old green-room notion, that the most prominent *comic* actress of the day must make the best Rosalind; that the qualifications for the heroine of 'As You Like It,' were to be sufficiently proved by the personation of a *Constance* (in 'The Love Chase'), or a *Lady Gay Spanker* (in 'London Assurance'). And truly, if the manager understood Shakespeare no better than to offer to the public such a personation of one of his most ideal heroines, the actress herself must be held excusable for displaying in it, to the utmost of her power, her peculiar joyous graces. It is not for its own sake chiefly, we repeat, that we care to notice what passes on the stage in reference to these great Shakespearian creations, but on account of that misreading of Shakespeare, even in the closet, which these continued theatrical perversions contribute so largely to create and to perpetuate. False impressions of this nature received from the stage, can be effaced from the minds of the living generation only by juster impressions conveyed through the same vivid medium. The stage alone can thoroughly eradicate those current misconceptions respecting Shakespeare which the stage has implanted.

## OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

THE Fine Arts are forcing themselves on the attention of Parliament; and the acknowledgment has been wrung from official men, that never was there any Government which has contributed so little to the encouragement of Art as ours. There is now an evident disposition to do something—a conviction that something ought to be done—though what and how, are not yet clearly defined. Lord Palmerston, on Monday last, made some observations, which, as coming from one whose voice is potential, are important, though a mere repetition of what has often been urged in this journal:—"Every one who had visited the exhibition now to be seen in Westminster Hall, must have been struck with the superior character of the sculpture, and every one who visited the exhibition in Trafalgar Square must have been equally struck with the inadequacy of the space allotted to the display of works in that branch of the art; and with the utter impossibility of ever exhibiting in the little room allotted to sculpture such works as were now to be seen in Westminster Hall. He hoped the inefficiency of this room for the purpose for which it was designed might receive consideration either from the Government or the Royal Academicians." These suggestions will now, we hope, be practically considered. As this extract has brought us into Trafalgar Square, we may here add, that Government has undertaken the charge of completing the Nelson Monument; Sir Robert Peel remarking, that "the design was originally an affair of private subscription; and he could not help thinking that memorials in honour of a great general must be more acceptable to his feelings when erected by the spontaneous offerings of his fellow-subjects, than if erected by a vote of Parliament." A sum of 8,000*l.* was voted to defray the cost of completing the Monument,—4,411*l.* for the new Government School of Design,—and 7,524*l.* for the purchase of pictures for the National Gallery, for 1844.

The anniversary distribution of prizes to the pupils of the Government School of Design was made, on Wednesday, at the apartment of the Institution, in Somerset House. The number and quality of the visitors, on the occasion, testified to the growing interest in this important institution; and the walls and tables were covered with specimens of art, in its various forms, collected by the establishment, for the purpose of suggesting, and inculcating, to the students, the principles of design. Prince Albert, who presided last year, had offered to take the chair, also, on the present occasion, provided the distribution of the premiums could have been arranged to take place previously to the Court's going to Windsor. As this arrangement could not be made, Lord Colborne presided, in the first instance; but, subsequently, resigned the chair to Mr. Gladstone,—who attended, as President of the Board of Trade, to distribute the prizes. The prospects of the institution were spoken of very cheerfully; and Mr. Gladstone assured the students that the encouragement hitherto afforded to it would not be withdrawn. "There would be found," he said, "no indisposition or backwardness to reward those who developed ability and talent. No vote in Parliament was more willingly given than that for the School of Design." The prizes were distributed in the following order:—

Arabesque painting, in Fresco, Mr. Silas Rice, *5l.* 5*s.*—Arabesque painting, in Fresco Secco, Mr. G. Stuart, *5l.* 5*s.*—Arabesque, in Oil, Mr. A. E. Vindon, *5l.* 5*s.*—Arabesque, in Oil, Mr. F. R. Fussell, *3l.* 3*s.*—Design for Paper Hangings, Mr. Walker, *2l.* 2*s.*—Composition of Ornament from natural Flowers, Mr. J. Brown, *3l.* 3*s.*—Design for Glass Chandelier, Mr. J. Stradwick, *5l.* 5*s.*—Design for Porcelain Dinner Service, (two prizes, equal merit) Mr. G. Wallace, *5l.* 5*s.*; and Mr. W. C. Wilde, *5l.* 5*s.*—Design for Sideboard, Mr. J. Phillip, *2l.* 2*s.*—Design for Carpet, Mr. J. R. Harvey, *3l.* 3*s.*—Design for Silver Candelabra, Mr. J. Stradwick, *5l.* 5*s.*—Design for Silk Hangings, Mr. J. Brown, *3l.* 3*s.*—For Coloured Designs for printed Drugget, W. C. Wilde, *3l.* 3*s.*; J. R. Harvey, *3l.* 3*s.*—Best Specimen of Ornamental Modelling, Mr. H. Armstead, *3l.* 3*s.* CLASS DRAWINGS—For Outline Drawing, 1st, Mr. W. Scott, *1l.* 10*s.*; 2nd, Mr. G. George, *1l.*—Shaded Drawings of Ornament, in Chalk, 1st, Mr. J. Phillips, *2l.* 2*s.*; 2nd, J. Pringle, *1l.*; 3rd, Short, *1l.*—Shading in Chalk, 1st, W. Gledall, *2l.* 10*s.*; 2nd, L. C. Wyon, *2l.*—Best Grisaille Drawing, 1st, E. Arnold, *2l.* 2*s.*; 2nd, L. Walker, *1l.* 10*s.*—Best Coloured Drawing, in tempera, from flowers, F. Smallfield, *2l.* 2*s.*—Best Copy of an Arabesque Painting, (no name), *2l.* 10*s.*—Best Chalk Drawing of the Human Figure, Mr. F. R. Fussell, *2l.* 10*s.*; second prize, G. Stuart, *2l.* JUNIOR CLASS—Drawing, from the Mask of Lucius Verus, A. G. Gandy, *1l.* 10*s.*; 2nd, J. Brown, *1l.* FEMALE SCHOOL—Best Design for Lace, Miss Dixon, *3l.* 3*s.*—Best Design for Flowers, Miss R. Demsdale, *1l.* 1*s.*—Best Chalk Drawing, from the round, Miss E. Angell, *2l.* 2*s.*; 2nd, Miss E. Channon, *1l.* 1*s.*—Best Design of Ornament for Engraving on Wood, Miss A. Colchester, *2l.* 2*s.*; Miss Bragg, *1l.* 1*s.*—Best Drawing for Lithograph, Miss Clarke, *2l.* 2*s.*; Miss Bridges, *1l.* 1*s.*

His Royal Highness Prince Albert has, we understand, purchased for 20,000 francs (about 800*l.*) Scheffer's picture, from Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*, which arrived recently in this country as announced in the *Athenæum*, (*ante*, p. 551). It represents Mignon, listening to the old harper with whom her fate was so mysteriously mixed up.

A full-length portrait of Lord Chief Justice Denman, painted by Mrs. Charles Pearson, has been presented to the Corporation of London. The portrait is well spoken of, both as a likeness and a work of art; and Mrs. Pearson's letter, accompanying it, announces it as "the last picture of that magnitude which it is her intention to undertake." We quote some remarks made by Mr. Ashurst,—as touching upon certain views, from time to time indicated in this paper. "Mr. Ashurst availed himself of the opportunity of remarking upon the very gratifying circumstance, that the portrait had been painted by a lady who had cultivated an elegant accomplishment, as the means of honourable independence; and who, by her eminent position in the arts, had afforded to females of talent and education a bright example of success in a department of industry consonant with the delicacy of the sex and the refinement of their taste. In the early days of the Royal Academy, and under the presidency of Sir Joshua Reynolds, female artists participated with their brethren in the honours of the profession. Angelica Kauffman and Miss Moser were Royal Academicians; and it was generally understood that had Sir Thomas Lawrence lived, the Salic law by which the lords of creation bore exclusive sway in the domain of the British arts, would have been relaxed. The walls of the Royal Academy had annually exhibited the productions of Mrs. Carpenter, Mrs. Charles Pearson, Mrs. Robertson, and other able female artists, besides the honorary contributions of ladies of rank. It would be but the payment of a grateful homage to public opinion, which had already by its patronage given to these ladies an elevated position in the fine arts, if the Royal Academy and the literary institutions of the country were to confer honours upon ladies eminent in arts, science and literature, who had earned distinction in the arena of public competition."

A meeting has been held at Bristol, for the purpose of raising subscriptions towards the erection of a monument, in Bristol Cathedral, to the memory of Dr. Southey. The proceedings were on the whole satisfactory; and Mr. Baily was named as the sculptor to be employed. The character of the monument is not yet determined on; but as a marking feature of the day, a feeling was very generally entertained that it should be in harmony with the building in which it is to be erected.

We think it worth while to refer to an incidental conversation which took place in the House of Commons, some days ago, on reading the order of the day for going into Committee of Supply. Mr. Ewart, in drawing the attention of the House to the subject of general education, expressed much solicitude for the establishment of libraries in towns, which should be accessible to the people in general; and Lord Howick proposed the institution of examinations and rewards,—the rewards to consist of small places in the Customs and Excise. This last suggestion was thrown out, long since, in this paper,—and is valuable, in our opinion, as going a step further than merely furnishing the means of useful education, by stimulating to the use of those means,—and exhibiting to the humbler classes mental cultivation in direct connexion with an honourable after-career. We were glad, therefore, to find Sir Robert Peel,—while referring the institution of libraries in towns to the towns themselves, as having the direct interest in the extension of education among their citizens,—declaring himself favourable to Lord Howick's hint. "Such an application of the patronage of the Crown," he said, "would be a most wise and beneficent one." There are some difficulties of detail, which Sir Robert Peel stated fairly; but the principle is admitted, as involving an honourable exercise of the minister's petty patronage,—furnishing rewards for mental improvement to the humble; and filling, at the same time, those lower offices with persons selected because of their qualifications, which are filled now, at random, in the discharge of mere civilities to the influential.

The obituary of the last fortnight contains some names which must have a word of final record, in our columns. Dr. John Haslam, well known to the public by his practice and writings in connexion with the treatment of mental disease, died on the 20th inst., in the eighty-first year of his age. On the 18th, Mr. Hyman Hurwitz, Hebrew professor at University College, London, and distinguished by his very extensive knowledge of Biblical lore.

At Paris, M. Fauriel, Member of the Academy, died on the 14th, at the age of seventy-three:—and M. Lepere, the architect, on the 18th, aged eighty-two. The name of M. Lepere is connected with many of the brilliant events of the generation which he has survived. He was a member of the expedition of Egypt, and his drawings enrich the work that

commemorates it. He raised, in conjunction with M. Gondouin, the column in the Place Vendôme.

Intelligence has been lately received of the scientific expedition of M. de Castelnau, in South America. According to the French papers, "He was received by the government at Rio Janeiro with great attention, and the archives were thrown open to him. After remaining in that city for some time, he set out for the interior; and, after having crossed the Siena d'Estralla, he entered the province of the mines. He remained at Barbacena some time, to make some astronomical observations, and then proceeded to the topaz mine of Capan, from whence he went to Ouro Prito, the capital of that rich province. M. de Castelnau describes it as a very curious city, both for its position amongst gold mountains, and for the old Portuguese style in which it is built. The expedition afterwards visited the rich gold mines of Catta Branca, Marro-Velho, and Gongo-Soco, all belonging to English companies. The rainy season then came on, and rendered dangerous their passage through the great desert of Rio San Francisco; and the expedition, in consequence, entered the province of Goyaz, by the Indian Aldea of Santa-Anna, and proceeded to Villa Boa, the capital, situated in the centre of Brazil. M. de Castelnau represents this country as exceedingly rich. Gold is found abundantly in the river gravel, and pieces of native gold of several pounds weight are frequently discovered. The diamonds of Rio-Claro are remarkable for their size; and in the lake of Salinas pearls are found in shells of the Unio kind. The expedition was going, when the last intelligence left, to embark on the Rio Tocantin, which it was to descend, in order to reach Goyaz by Arraguay. All this country is in the power of the most warlike tribes of the desert. On its return from this excursion of 600 leagues, the expedition was to continue its journey towards Lima, passing by Cuyaba, and Matto-Grasso.

An article, "more personal than polite," is going the round of the foreign musical journals, touching the condition of opera at Vienna: the writer is Herr Guhr, the well-known *Kapellmeister* and disciplinarian of the Frankfort orchestra. Nothing, as described by him, can be worse than the condition of Italian matters; although the *corps* included Madame Viardot, Sigs. Ivanoff and Ronconi, and Madame Tadolini, a *prima donna* whom we hope to hear shortly, either in London or Paris. The performance, Herr Guhr says, was most slovenly, and the audience apathetic: the state of German opera is described as still less satisfactory. The name of Mdlle. Emilia Walter is beginning to be mentioned as a German *prima donna* of great promise. She seems to have appeared almost exclusively in Italian opera; and we know that, in the execution of this, our friends beyond the Rhine are easily contented: witness the brilliant reputation of Mdlle. Löwe, in Berlin, and the utter failure of her attempts to establish herself here or in France. Meanwhile, the "circulating system" of artists, every day on the increase, is working towards results which may for awhile be more curious than edifying. The Parisians have been doing well-merited honour to Spohr, who has been their Midsummer guest: the *Conservatoire* orchestra having performed his 'Power of Sound,' in the composer's presence, and a silver medal was presented to him, in commemoration of this "celebrity." The Italian tenor, so "far fetched and dearly bought," for *l'Académie Royale*, Sig. Gardoni, has been heard before a party of judges, and with great applause. His voice is said to be beautiful; his appearance prepossessing, and he has that good gift, "which gold cannot buy," to wit, youth, being only twenty-two years of age. A Russian *danseuse*, La Smirnova, (*Gallicè* Mdlle. Smirnof,) has also appeared publicly at the Grand Opera, with some success: she has come to Paris to perfect herself in her art. What—as we *are* to be cosmopolitan in this paragraph—has become of the very promising and pretty American, Miss Maywood? She ought by this time to have ripened into a *premier sujet:* and wise ones say, that the world of dancers is sharing the impoverishment of all other theatrical dynasties. Lastly, let us mention with pleasure, that Ricci's 'Corrado d'Altamura' is announced as directly forthcoming at our Italian Opera. The time of year, and the figure of the thermometer, are sadly against the success of any novelty.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, PALL MALL.

The Gallery, with a SELECTION of PICTURES by ANCIENT MASTERS, and Deceased BRITISH ARTISTS, is OPEN DAILY, from Ten in the Morning till Six in the Evening.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 1s.

WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

THE TENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of the NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS in WATER COLOURS is NOW OPEN at their Gallery, FIFTY-THREE, PALL MALL, next the British Institution, from 9 o'clock till Dusk. Admission 1s.; Catalogue 6d.

JAMES FAHEY, Secretary.

GREAT ATTRACTION.—DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK, NOW OPEN, with a NEW EXHIBITION, representing the Interior of the Abbey Church of St. Ouen, at Rouen; and an Exterior View of the Cathedral of Notre Dame at Paris. Both Pictures are painted by M. Renoux, and exhibit various novel effects of light and shade.—Open from Ten till Six.

CAPTAIN WARNER'S EXPERIMENT.—In consequence of the DESTRUCTIVE EXPLOSION off BRIGHTON the Directors of the ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION yield to the generally expressed wish that Dr. Ryan should adapt one of his LECTURES to the subject of EXPLOSIVE COMPOUNDS. This Lecture, illustrated by interesting experiments so far as they can be shown with perfect safety, will be delivered daily at Four o'clock, except on Mondays and Saturdays, and in the Evenings of Monday, Wednesday, and Fridays at a Quarter to Nine o'clock. On Mondays and Saturdays, at Four o'clock, Dr. POTT'S PNEUMATIC mode of forming SUBMARINE FOUNDATIONS in DEEP WATER, with various Interesting Experiments. Professor BACHHOFFNER'S LECTURES, and all the other subjects of interest in the Institution.—Admission, 1s.; Schools, Half-price.

## SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

ROYAL SOCIETY.—(Continued from p. 552.) 'On the Structure of the Ultimate Fibril of the Muscle of Animal Life,' by E. Wilson, Esq.

'On the Comparative Anatomy of the Thyroid Gland,' by J. Simon, Esq.

'On the Resolution of Numerical Equations,' by J. Agar, M.D.

'On the Reproduction of lost parts in Myriapoda and Insecta,' by G. Newport, Esq.

'On the Changes of Temperature produced by the Rarefaction and Condensation of Air,' by J. P. Joule, Esq. In order to estimate with greater accuracy than has hitherto been done the quantities of heat evolved or absorbed during the condensation or rarefaction of atmospheric air, the author contrived an apparatus where both the condensing pump and the receiver were immersed in a large quantity of water, the changes in the temperature of which were ascertained by a thermometer of extreme sensibility. By comparing the amount of force expended in condensing air in the receiver with the quantity of heat evolved, after deducting that which was the effect of friction, it was found that a mechanical force, capable of raising 823 pounds to the height of one foot, must be applied in the condensation of air, in order to raise the temperature of one pound of water one degree of Fahrenheit's scale. In another experiment, when air condensed in one vessel was allowed to pass into another from which the air had been exhausted, both vessels being immersed in a large receiver full of water, no change of temperature took place, no mechanical power having been developed. The author considers these results as strongly corroborating the dynamical theory of the nature of heat, in opposition to that which ascribes to it materiality.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

THUR. Zoological Society, 3.—General Business.
FRI. Botanical Society, 8.

## FINE ARTS.

*Companion to the most Celebrated Private Galleries of Art in London.* By Mrs. Jameson.

To give an adequate idea of the merit of this book, its title should have run somewhat differently. It is not merely a Companion to the most celebrated private galleries—a *vade-mecum*, which the gazer can take abroad with him; but a collection of thoughts and pictures going far to make the "private galleries of art" every one's private galleries. Mrs. Jameson knows her subject thoroughly, and is so skilful a mistress of language, that few who care about painting will lay down the volume when it is once taken up; no matter whether at Grosvenor House, or Stafford House, at Penzance, or Berwick-upon-Tweed. Hers is not a mere list, in which epithets are flung about at random, and schools rated without discrimination. Knowledge be thanked! we have got one step past the cant about "the correggiosity of Correggio." Still less is Mrs. Jameson one of those sectarian guides in whom prejudice stands for sympathy, and who, taking the side of Christianity or Paganism—the natural or the ideal—doles out niggardly commendation to everything beyond the range of their narrow liking. We have already been enabled to manifest this by her finely-felt characters of the Dutch and Spanish schools, which some time since appeared in our columns (*ante*, pp. 340, 385): and we have only to add, that in care and patience few surpass our author. This said, we return to her book for the purpose of further enriching our pages. On the present occasion, we shall avail ourselves of the historical sketch of the formation of picture galleries given in the general introduction:—

"Foreigners and critics love to flout at English taste: it is therefore a curious fact, and one we have reason to be proud of, that the earliest instance on record of any private individual indulging a taste for art, was our own Lord Arundel. I believe he was the first collector, of private rank, in civilized Europe. It was not till the end of the fifteenth century that painting, from being wholly ecclesiastical, began to be devoted to civil and social purposes—that portraiture came into fashion, and that compositions from the classical poets, and small decorative and devotional pictures, began to be painted. Even these, up to the end of the sixteenth century, were very rare; and most of the panel paintings of this time which remain to us have been cut from the doors of cabinets and presses, the friezes of bedsteads, the tops of harpsichords, and other pieces of furniture. Pictures must have multiplied, and become articles of trade, as well as common for mere decorative purposes, before the idea of collecting those most remarkable could have suggested itself. The Venetians and the Flemings first made pictures articles of commerce. As early as the fifteenth century a few Flemish pictures were imported into Italy, and bought as curiosities; and in the middle of the succeeding century we find the Bassano family carrying on a sort of manufactory of small pictures, recommended by their splendid colours, and various, though low and common-place treatment. These were dispersed through Italy, and sold at fairs as articles of commerce, much like the Dutch and Flemish pictures of the same and succeeding periods. More than a century later, we hear of the *Feria*—the *markets* for pictures, at Cadiz and Seville, where the young Murillo sold his wares."

Briefly adverting to the fact, that before the middle of the sixteenth century, when the princely families of Italy, Medici, the Gonzaga, the Este, and the Farnese, began to collect, Mrs. Jameson continues,—

"Lord Arundel was, in fact, the first *virtuoso* not only of his own country but his own time. I never look at his portrait by Van Dyck, in the Sutherland Gallery, with its thoughtful, melancholy, refined expression of countenance, without a deep interest; and those works of art which he obtained have, through association with his name and fate, a value, to my fancy, beyond their own. The Laughing Boy, by Lionardo da Vinci, now, I believe, in the possession of Mr. Beckford; Raphael's Little St. George, now at Petersburg; the Pomfret marbles, at Oxford; the antique statues and busts at Wilton; the Marlborough gems, famed throughout the world—formed only a part of the Arundel collection. The Duke of Buckingham followed Lord Arundel—but it is almost an injustice to name them together! What was taste and enthusiasm in Arundel, was sheer vanity and ostentation in Buckingham. What a proof we have of the spirit which actuated Buckingham in one anecdote of him! Arundel had employed William Petty, uncle to that Sir William Petty, who was the ancestor of the present Marquess of Lansdowne, to collect antiques for him in Greece and Syria. Buckingham, then all-powerful, gave a similar commission to Sir Thomas Roe, English ambassador at Constantinople, and instructed him, at the same time, to throw every possible obstacle in the way of Petty! Dallaway relates the anecdote. He does not quote his authority, but one can believe anything of Buckingham—at once so haughty and so servile—so magnificent and so mean! At Paris and at the court of Madrid he had made the acquaintance of Rubens, and persuaded the painter to cede

to him the collection of pictures, gems, antiques, &c., formed by himself when in Italy, and since his return. Rubens sold the whole to him for 10,000*l.*, reluctantly, as it appears, for he did not want the money; and as for Buckingham, he scarcely lived to call himself possessor of the treasures he had coveted. Assassinated a few months after (in 1628), many of his pictures were dispersed. King Charles, Lord Arundel, and Lord Montague, purchased several from the family; others descended to his young son, the Duke of Buckingham. The old catalogue of this collection, published by Bathoe, is now lying before me; it contained 220 pictures; among them, three by Raphael, three by L. da Vinci, nineteen by Titian, seventeen by Tintoretto, and thirteen by Rubens himself."

Our Charles the First gave royal aid to connoisseurship in England, but then came the storm which brought such disasters upon Art; and the King's and Lord Arundel's collections were dispersed. The next notice we have of taste beginning to raise its head and look abroad after the whirlwind had passed, is that of Sir Peter Lely's collection:—

"What had been taste in Arundel, magnificence in Buckingham, science in Lely, became in the next century a *fashion*, subject to the freaks of vanity, the errors and absurdities of ignorance, the impositions of pretension and coxcombry. The great Duke of Marlborough filled Blenheim with pictures—the fruit of his campaigns—the gifts of cities and princes—and the Blenheim collection remains to this day one of the finest in England. Sir Robert Walpole, the minister, formed a large collection at Houghton; after his death, purchased by the Empress Catherine, for 30,000*l.*, and now at St. Petersburg. Luckily, some of the finest Van Dycks—those of the Wharton family—had been sold previously to the Duke of Devonshire; they used, within my memory, to adorn Devonshire House; but are now among the glories of that glorious palace, Chatsworth, where they are empanelled in the dining-room. Richardson, the painter, whose admirable book on his own art met in his time with more scoffers than readers, left a collection of drawings and pictures, sold in 1747. In 1758, was sold by auction, a collection formed by Sir Luke Schaub, a merchant and banker, the Angerstein of his time. It produced 8,000*l.* Among his pictures was the Sigismunda of the Duke of Newcastle. The price given for it, (400gs., a large sum in those days,) provoked Hogarth to wrath and envy, and a vain competition which covered him with ridicule. Others of Sir Luke Schaub's pictures were, the Christ healing the Lame Man, now in the Queen's Gallery; 'The Tent of Darius,' in the Grosvenor Gallery; and Van Dyck's small study for the portrait of Venetia Digby. Another great collector in the beginning of the last century was Sir Andrew Fountaine, of Narford, whose descendant, the present Mr. Fountaine, has inherited the elegant tastes of his ancestor. Dr. Mead, the physician, had at this time a very good collection, dispersed on his death in 1754. General Guise bequeathed his pictures, 220 in number, to Christ Church College, Oxford, in 1765. A Mr. John Barnard, of Berkeley Square, possessed at this time sixty-six pictures. A certain Mr. Jennens, then of Ormond Street, could boast of the possession of 358 pictures. Mr. Bourchier Cleeve, of Foot's Cray, in Kent, possessed seventy-seven pictures: among them the two large pictures of Salvator Rosa, now in the Grosvenor Gallery; the Pordenone, in the Sutherland Gallery; the Jan Steen and the Van Dyck, in the Queen's Gallery; and eight sea pieces of Vander Velde. In the collection of Sir Gregory Page were two fine pictures by Rubens, now in the Grosvenor Gallery, and twelve pictures of the History of Cupid and Psyche, now at Hampton Court; also, I believe, the two great Landscapes by Francesco Millé, now in the Bridgewater Gallery. This Sir Gregory Page was a personal friend and great admirer of Adrian Vander Werff, and had twelve of his best pictures: eight were purchased for the Louvre, at the price of 33,000fs.; one is now in Her Majesty's Gallery. All these collections were formed previous to 1765, about which time the first Earl Grosvenor laid the foundation of the magnificent Grosvenor Gallery. The collections of the Duke of Devonshire at Devonshire House, of Lord Methuen, of Agar Ellis, the first Marquess of Lansdowne and Lady Holderness, were formed between 1760 and 1790. Mr. Hope, of Amsterdam, brought over his fine gallery of Dutch pictures from Amsterdam to England about 1790."

Mrs. Jameson is fully warranted in the severity of her remarks on the general tone of knowledge and cultivation among amateurs and collectors. Pictures of the lowest order were then the most highly prized; the gross and the superficial, called forth the silly ecstasies which the Wits laughed at—themselves in a condition of brilliant ignorance! But the perception of the beautiful, like all other noble tastes, if once encouraged, *must* ascend; and our author says, well, "that in the midst of all this quackery and ignorance there was still something *truly* respectable in the wish to possess books and pictures as an appendage to rank, instead of horses, diamonds, and ribbons." She points out, too, with her usual discernment, that the great landscape works of Poussin, Rosa, and Claude, were collected with real appreciation, and not in blind obedience to fashion, before our *dillettanti* began to show much feeling for the nobler works of sacred and historical art:—

"The French Revolution, and the breaking out of the continental wars, changed the whole aspect of things as regarded art and the taste for art in this country. Our first acquisition was the Orleans Gallery. In the history of this famous gallery, its formation, its dispersion, there is something which strongly excites the imagination. It was founded by the infamous Regent-Duke of Orleans. In ten short years, —that is, between the period of his accession to the Regency in 1714, and his death in 1723, he brought together a collection of pictures which can only be compared with that of Charles I. He was all-powerful; he had the revenues and patronage of a great monarchy at his disposal; he had a really fine taste, and was himself no mean artist. Into his gallery were swept many important collections. In the first place, that of Queen Christina, which contained forty-seven pictures of the highest class, several of which had belonged to our Charles I., those of the Cardinals Richelieu and Mazarin; those of the Ducs de Grammont, de Noailles, de Hautefeuille; those of Colbert, Marquis de Seignelai, son of the great minister; of Tambonceau, de Launay, the Abbé Descamps, and M. de Chantelou. The old catalogue of the Palais Royal, published in 1724, includes four hundred and ninety-one pictures, of which the descriptions and measurements are sufficiently exact to enable us to identify them. The genuineness of about twenty has been disputed; ten out of the sixteen Raphaels, seven out of thirteen Correggios, and four out of twenty-nine Titians, have been in these more critical times pronounced doubtful or spurious. The Regent died in 1723—before the pictures he had coveted were all hung up—before he could have seen some of them—before the catalogue, which was to make his gallery famous and envied through all Europe, was printed. The son of this accomplished, but most abandoned and vicious prince, was a weak, but a conscientious bigot. He has been consigned to the detestation and ridicule of all lovers of pictures, for wreaking his pious fury on the Correggios—the Leda, the Io, and the Danaë. The next Duke of Orleans, the Regent's grandson, was a common-place man: he did not cut up his pictures, certainly; he scrupled to disfigure them or to sell them; he only cared nothing about them. Many were locked up during his whole life, and inaccessible. *His* son, the wretched Philippe Egalité, had neither taste nor scruples nor conscience. To raise money for political purposes, in the beginning of the French Revolution, he sold, first, the Italian portion of his pictures for 750,000 francs (18,500*l.*), and then the Flemish and Dutch pictures for 350,000 francs, about 9000*l.*, something less than half their value. M. Laborde de Mereville, the purchaser of the Italian portion, conveyed his pictures to England, where, being without any resource, he mortgaged them for 40,000*l.* The Dutch and Flemish pictures were brought over later, 1798, by Mr. Slade. The history of the gallery subsequent to its arrival in England, is given at length in the introduction to the Bridgewater Gallery, p. 81. Then followed the plunder of Italy, i. e., the French plundered—we purchased."

Had the taste, or the fashion of the time, Mrs. Jameson pertinently continues, "run in favour of the earlier Florentine, Umbrian, or Venetian schools, we might have had the frescoes of Angelico or Ghirlandajo torn down and sold by the square foot in Pall Mall":—

"No such desecration *did*, however, take place. The French stabled their horses in the refectories of convents, and in the oratories, rich with the most gracious and glorious creations of human genius; or they smeared with smoke and dirt the heads of apostles and saints, but they did not cut them out of the walls or panels, as they cut the miniatures by hundreds out of the illuminated MSS. They left the walls standing, to rot with damp, or to be whitewashed, or to be built up, or to be treated in any other way which the hopelessness or recklessness of an impoverished and oppressed people might allow; meantime, the palaces of the Barberini, Borghese, Pamfili, Colonna, Falconieri, Lancelotti, and Spada princes, were despoiled by English gold. Carraccis, Claudes, Poussins, arrived by ship-loads. One stands amazed at the number of pictures introduced by the enterprise of private dealers into England between 1795 and 1815, during the hottest time of the war. Not from Italy only; from Holland and Belgium came the choicest pictures of their native artists. * * Then—as if all this were not enough—the war broke out in Spain. Pictures which the national pride and bigotry had guarded with jealous and zealous care—which royal edicts and stringent laws had forbidden to be removed or exported, suddenly became booty—became merchandise. Sanctuaries and palaces gave up their hidden treasures. The law was then that 'those should rob who had the power;' that those who had not, should buy. Thus the Murillos travelled somewhat circuitously through Marshal Soult's gallery into that of the Duke of Sutherland; and thus the great Rubenses of the convent of Loeches find themselves dwelling in the halls of Grosvenor House. But, if we except some works of Velasquez and Murillo—no Spanish pictures came from Spain, and our acquaintance with the Spanish schools is still very limited. Since the sale of the Orleans Gallery, some other foreign collections have been sent over to England to be disposed of—that of M. de Calonne, in 1795; that of Lucien Buonaparte, in 1816; of Talleyrand, in 1817; that of the Duchesse de Berri, in 1837; and, in 1840, the gallery of the Duke of Lucca; which last turned out rather an unfortunate speculation; the pictures did not realize half the sum expected for them. Of the collections and galleries formed during this period, from 1795 to 1840, we may find the enumeration in Dr. Waagen's book, and that of Buchanan. The most important were those of Mr. Angerstein, Lord Farnborough, the Rev. Holwell Carr, and Sir George Beaumont, now merged in our National Gallery, (the first by purchase, the last three by will;) those of Henry Hope, Watson Taylor, Mr. Ottley, Mr. Bryan, Mr. Solly, Harte Davis, Dowager Lady Stuart, Sir Simon Clarke, Lord Charles Townshend, Sir Charles Bagot, Sir Abraham Hume, Mr. Hibbert, Sir Francis Baring, Mr. Beckford, of Fonthill, Coesvelt—all sold, divided, or dispersed; those of the Duke of Bridgewater, the Marquis of Stafford, the Earl of Carlisle, Earl Cowper, and Thomas Hope, which remain entire, though the contents have been varied by new purchases, and the owners changed by inheritance or otherwise: and those of the Marquess of Bute, the Earl of Radnor, the Duke of Wellington, the Marquess of Lansdowne, Lord Ashburton, Sir Robert Peel, Mr. Rogers, Mr. Wells, of Redleaf, Mr. Miles, of Leigh Court, Mr. Neeld, Mr. Huysch, and Mr. Munroe, of Park-street. Mr. Holford, a gentleman who has lately succeeded to a large fortune, has shown much taste, as well as a munificent spirit, in his purchases of pictures and drawings."

We hope to be enabled to indulge in another holiday lounge through the 'Private Galleries.'

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*On Wax Painting.* By C. Barbe.

When effects called accidental arise of a like nature, in similar subjects, it becomes a kind of test that there is a connexion, however secret and subtle, between them and their subjects;—

we may surmise, almost pronounce them not accidental, but necessary, and as such deduce probable inferences from them. Literature has discovered, by seeming accident, a means—the press—to render its productions terrestrially immortal: none of the Sister Arts, called Fine, has done so. Pictures vanish in a few centuries; some in a few years, all fade away sooner or later. Architecture, again, everywhere undergoes the curse pronounced against that of Zion, no stone remaining on another, it tumbles to earth, crumbles to dust; even the Pyramids themselves, if these rude techtonic piles may rank under this head, have their period of existence. Sculpture, after a short time, loses its integrity, though it may preserve a patched and piecemeal, or corroded and semi-obliterated semblance of its original self, as long as its kindred Arts. All can, indeed, secure by means similar to printing, a certain spectral resuscitation, a future life upon earth, more or less extended, more or less perfect. Engraving immortalizes painting, and architecture and sculpture, but in a pallid, skeleton-like, imperfect manner; for the best Marc-Antonio, the very faithfullest burin, does not, and could not render a work of Raffael *tale quale*; it loses the colouring altogether, nine times out of ten the dimensions (which are often impressive), and the sentiment to a great degree. Architecture and Sculpture are always miniatured by it most inadequately; the daguerreotype itself, where the sun becomes the engraver, sunbeams the burins, can give only a few aspects. But engravings too perish, and repetitions of them recede farther and farther from the original pictures, or pieces of architecture and sculpture. May it not be hence inferred that these Arts have no right to immortality, seeing they have no power to attain it? They can never reproduce their productions—they do not at least promise to discover a means to make them terrestrially immortal: *their* printing-press reproduces the shadows alone of those productions, the diminished, de-coloured, detorted shadows: until the Fine Arts invent for their offspring an *elixir vitæ*, such as ink is, and a mode of administering it, such as moveable types, we shall count them deservedly caducous, and of comparatively little moment. What developed the literary printing-press? Its all-important needfulness. The giant-power of mind panting, palpitating, burning to eternize its works among men, brooding over the how, groping darkly but graspingly and incessantly and indefatigably after the wherewithal, was that which made its search succeed. Papyrus and reed-pen first, paper and metal-type at last. We shall never believe the necessity for works of any Fine Art being immortal, until mind enough is embarked in them to attempt discovering a means. Far, however, from this, there does not appear mind enough embarked in them, (maugre such minds as those of Phidias and Zeuxis, Michael and Raffael,) even to busy itself about the said means. What does the pictorial mind desire? Why to discover something *less* transitory than oils or fresco! Something that would make its productions endure a certain number of centuries longer! To make them last for ever, as it is said, like productions of the pen, seems quite beyond its contemplation. Painters will perhaps allege this object unfeasible: we can only reply, artistic works which cannot render themselves immortal, do not merit to be so. At the best, the pictorial mind would proclaim itself such a mere *particula* diffused amidst such a disproportionable amount of materiality, that no one deems it worth preservation when this moulders from about it. Where most artistic mind was—among the Greeks—there precisely the most efficient means were discovered to make their productions most longeval. How well this tallies with our hypothesis! The Greeks painted in fresco and distemper, but also in *encaustic*—perfect samples of which latter have endured 2,000 years, while a sixth of this time has sufficed to cancel, ruin, or render quasi-invisible through the veil of restorations, almost all the master-pieces of modern painting! They appear fitted for transient purposes alone, and not for eternal. Even should a millenarian or other like reasoner tell us the world will end before them, this would have nothing to do with the matter—we discuss their self-conservative aim, spirit, and tendency, but leave the better-informed to settle their appointed fate. When we talk of "immortal" or "eternal" human works, of course we mean such as would continue to exist under circumstances like the present.

Many attempts have been made toward reviving the Greek method of encaustic, or discovering a new kind. Bachilier, Caylus, Cochin succeeded very well with their imitations in showing what the former was *not*; Requeno, a Spanish Abbé, who Lanzi affirms "reproduced" it, himself acknowledges the reverse: others, less ingenuous, cried the world deaf with their *eurekas*, and so were never listened to by it again. New methods, some of which may turn out to be the old one, are now more studied; but, as yet, none amongst them has established such an identity, nor, indeed, a proximate similarity. All the modern encaustics we have seen exhibit a medium that promises anything rather than the works of a *Polygnotus* producible thereupon. Far from a desire to find these methods durable, we fervently hope they will prove ephemeral, for the pictures they furnish cannot disappear too soon: most of them we might class with the Wax-Works, curious though horrible to behold. A small number possess certain insignificant merits, and may boast a minimum, perhaps, of beauty, but a vapid effect seems their common fault, despite a transparent greasiness, by way of brilliancy, sometimes given to their surface. Whether the tough and unpliant medium, clogging the tool and entailing that "licked look" so suggestive of feeble workmanship, or imperfect hand-practice, occasion this great blemish, let connoisseurs determine; till it be removed, encaustics will remain, for the most part, ugly curiosities, and ingenious abortions—at best, but trifles.

We would not, however, pronounce improvement, even unto Greek perfection itself, hopeless. Like another Varro, we will not despair of the artistic commonwealth, though we hardly think it will return us Roman thanks in consequence. M. Barbe has published a little tract describing the modern French encaustic process, founded upon that of Caylus, reared upon the solid additions of German experience, and brought to its present state of *French* perfection by MM. Couder, Alaux, &c. Those who wish further information about it, must consult the tract itself, which is too technical for the majority of our readers. We shall add no more than that the specimens on view at his house display none of the faults above mentioned, but rather the opposite qualities, being pulverose in texture and vivid in effect. Still, their extreme smallness renders them altogether insufficient samples, or even illustrations, of this process; and as executed, likewise, by a miniature-painter (M. Mansion), though creditable to him, they do the foreign encaustic method yet less justice.

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Now room for a Correspondent:—

I beg leave to correct a mistake in your notice of the Exhibition at the British Institution, in which No. 5, 'Christ in the Garden,' is ascribed to Raphael, on the authority of Vasari. Vasari says (p. 139-40, vol. 2, Vita di Raffaello da Urbino), that *after* painting in Florence for Lorenzo Nasi, the celebrated picture of the 'Madonna del Cardellino,' now in the Tribuna in Florence (which is of a much *later manner* than the picture in the British Institution), he was compelled to go to his native town, Urbino, to settle his affairs; which, owing to the death of his father and mother, were deranged. While in Urbino, he painted for Guidobaldo di Montefeltro, "allora capitano de' Fiorentini," two pictures of our Lady, small, but most beautiful, and in *his second manner* ("bellissimi e della seconda manera") and for the Duke of Urbino a small picture of 'Christ praying in the Garden,' with the three apostles sleeping in the *background*; no mention is made of *any other figures*. The French translation (p. 212, 'Vie de Raphael d'Urbin') says, "dans sa *seconde manière*, un Christ au Jardin des Olives, avec les trois apôtres en dormis *dans le lointain*." This is sufficient to establish beyond doubt, that the hard, early picture of the Perugino school, in the British Institution, with the apostles in the *foreground*, *is not the one described by Vasari*. It may, nevertheless, be a Raphael of a *much earlier* period, although never considered as such by any of the great connoisseurs in Rome, from Camuccini to the lowest, a proof of which is, the comparatively small sum for which it was sold. I trust that the interest attached to the works of so great a man, by every lover of the Fine Arts, will induce you to insert this. Yours, &c. VERAX.

Before a Correspondent even "begs leave to correct a mistake" he should have ascertained his competence—his letter of correction should not itself be a mistake throughout. Who that understands Vasari's slipshod style aright would, like our *Corrector*, pin implicit faith upon the Vita di Raffaello, as an exact chronological and statistical account of Raffael's pictures? A few pages onwards it enumerates the 'School of Athens' *before* the 'Disputa' (his earliest Vatican wall-picture), and metamorphoses the former into a hotch-potch of theology, philosophy, astrology, &c., confounding Pagan philosophers with Doctors of the Church, and bringing *Evangelists* among them to solve "geomantic" riddles! After this, what is the value of Vasari's date (collected from his loose arrangement given above by Verax) for the obscure little antique under notice, or his description of its details? But here our corrector commits another mistake: Vasari does *not* describe the apostles "sleeping in the *background*;" his words are, "Un Christo che ora nell' orto, e lontani alquanto i tre Apostoli che dormono" (a Christ who prays in the Garden, and *a little distant* the three apostles who sleep). We apprehend Verax, despite his Italian quotations, has little acquaintanceship with the original, and relies on the French version, which renders, erroneously, "lontani alquanto" —*dans le lointain*. Had Vasari wished to describe the apostles sleeping in the distance, he would have said, *nel lontano*, or *nella lontananza*; but he merely wishes to describe them sleeping at a little distance from Christ, whether before, or behind, or aside of him. The unwarrantable interpolation, "dans sa seconde manière," condemns both our correspondent's French witness and him who adopts the false evidence. Again, *twelve hundred pounds*, we submit, is no "small sum" for such an old-fashioned unpopular little picture, and, moreover, *thrice* as much, we hear, has been offered since! Our would-be corrector will, perhaps, now acknowledge artistic criticism not quite the simple matter he imagined it. Nevertheless, his letter is acceptable, because it affords us an opportunity of re-discussing the exquisite work abovementioned, in the British Institution. We know connoisseurs are divided about it: some give Raffael the front group, some the other, some both, some (if we can believe *Verax*) neither. Our own hypothesis (that it is a much earlier work than all suppose, see *ante*, p. 579), we think, cuts away the grounds of negation, and might reasonably make the recusants conform to our creed. Instead of "four manners," Raffael had a dozen: in his ardorous pursuit of excellence he was ever changing his style (especially when a neophyte)—changing it even backwards, as the famous 'Disputa' evinces, painted after the Borghese 'Entombment,' yet far more Peruginesque. This explains the varied character of our picture, and its earliness the mechanical imperfections. We find throughout it that effort towards the "decens et decorum"—the elements, however half developed, of that blended gracefulness and nobleness, that gentle majesty, that modest dignity, which is the most characteristic of Sanzio's many merits, and best distinguishes his productions from those of all other artists.

## MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

*M. de Meyer's Concert.*—A notion is current, warranted by all the well-informed foreigners with whom we have discussed the subject, that the Vienna style of instrumental performance implies lightness, brilliancy, dash, rather than that depth of expression which the really great music of the German composers demand. We know that Beetho ven'

playing was perpetually *distanced* there by the wonders of the more superficial exhibitors; and, that since his day, nothing intellectually great has come out of the Austrian capital. This prelude would almost serve for a notice of M. de Meyer's Concert: since he seems to us to possess the qualities above adverted to, in far greater proportion than idea. His *piano* touch is beautiful; his shake exquisitely close and liquid; and, accordingly, it is a necessity with him to introduce the greatest possible quantity of rapid *fioriturі* and of trills, in every composition. Command of the instrument—mechanical command, that is—could hardly go further: all the contrivances of the new school, which Liszt and Thalberg, and Döhler and Dreyschock have exhausted, are mastered with an ease and volubility which remind us no little of the precision of an automaton; and, though they cannot fail to please, excite a pleasure not of the highest order. In M. Moscheles' 'Hommage à Handel,' as far as M. de Meyer's part of that duett was concerned, we could have imagined that a self-performing piano was at work. He may have other resources at command; but for the establishment of his reputation in a world that is beginning to weary of show *et præterea nihil*, he would do well to produce them with the least possible delay.

## MISCELLANEA

*Paris Academy of Sciences.—July* 15.—M. Mauvais made a communication respecting the new comet which had been discovered by him. Notwithstanding the unfavourable state of the weather, the astronomers of the Royal Observatory have been able to take five distinct observations. It appears from them that the comet is distant from the sun nearly twice the distance of the earth from that luminary, but that when it shall have arrived at its perihelium, it will be less distant from the sun by about one-fourth than the distance between the sun and the earth. Before reaching this point, however, the comet will traverse on the 24th September next the plane of the ecliptic; it will then pass within the earth's orbit at the short distance of only 14-10ths. If, therefore, says M. Mauvais, the earth were at that moment to be in the portion of the orbit to be traversed by the comet, there would be a frightful shock; but, fortunately, the earth will be at a distance of 146 deg., and, therefore, we have nothing to fear.—A report was read by Colonel Piobert, on a plan proposed by M. Sermet de Tournefort, for convergent axles for railroad carriages. The object is to secure the safety of the carriage in the event of any derangement of the curves.—A paper was received from M. Montagne on the cause of the colour of the Red Sea. He attributes it to a microscopic weed in great abundance on the surface of the sea.—A paper was received from M. Chevandier on the growth of forest trees. Amongst other things, he stated that a fir growing in marshy lands will in 100 years weigh 100 kilogrammes. In a very dry soil it will, in the same period, acquire a weight of 300 kilos, and in a favourable soil, visited from time to time by refreshing showers, it will in 100 years attain the weight of 2,000 kilos.

*For converting Centigrade into Fahrenheit degrees.*—Centigrade degrees being larger than Fahrenheit's in the proportion of 9 to 5; to exchange the one for the other we have only to multiply by 5 and divide by 9, or *vice versa*. Compare this simple, rational, and above all, *universal* method with the last example of your correspondent:—

| | |
|---|---|
| Degrees Fahrenheit | 80·06 |
| | 32 |
| | 48·06 |
| | 5 |
| 9) | 240 30 |
| | 26·7 |

Now as taking away the 32 degrees is common to both examples, and must of course be done in any case, here are ten figures substituted for your correspondent's thirty, and the thing done properly and systematically. CORNEY CYPHER.

*Captain Warner's Experiments.*—Whole columns of the daily papers have been filled this week with detailed reports on this subject; but, in truth, nothing is known but certain results. Captain Warner undertook to prove that no ship could chase a vessel furnished with his implements of destruction, without herself being destroyed. To test this, the John o'Gaunt, a vessel of 300 tons measurement, was liberally presented to him by Mr. Somes, and the experiment took place off Brighton on Saturday last. The John o'Gaunt was towed out to the destined scene of operations, about one mile and a half from the shore, and 300 yards in the wake of the Sir William Wallace, on board of which vessel was Captain Warner. The signal for the destruction of the vessel was made from the shore, and within five minutes, "the instrument of destruction, whatever it was, seemed to strike the vessel mi ships, for, from that point a huge column of water, in which was intermingled some of the shingle of which her ballast was composed, shot up perpendicularly into the air higher than her highest topmast; her mizen went by the board, her mainmast, a new one, was shot clean out of her like a rocket; she heeled over to port to an angle of 45 degrees, and her main hatchway being open, daylight was visible through her bottom timbers on her starboard side, and probably her larboard also, having been blown away, and she seemed to part asunder as she went down, leaving nothing perceptible but the top of her foremast. The time which passed from her being struck and her sinking could not have exceeded two minutes and a-half." This is all that is known.

*The late Theodor von Holst.*—It is always a painful sight to see the career of a young artist of promise suddenly stopped, his unfinished works snatched from his studio, things never intended to be exhibited dragged before the public, and the estimate of his reputation left perhaps to the doubtful mercy of the hammer. It is painful to see the pencils so lately used, the well-known easel, the dried up palette, and the abandoned implements of an artist just dead, heaped together for sale in an auction-room. The sale of Von Holst's things, which took place lately at Christie's, comprised some pictures and sketches, in oil, watercolours, and chalks, all characteristic of the artist's style. Von Holst was intended by nature to become a *remarkable* painter; he possessed wild and original conception, wonderful energy, with deep sentiment; but he received, at the same time, the fatal gift of too much susceptibility and haughtiness, and an uncontrollable vanity. He was a favourite pupil of Fuseli, and from him imbibed many absurdities, much extravagance, and he was inclined to give way to low caricature, such as not unfrequently amused the pencil of his great though wild and eccentric master. Many of Von Holst's works, particularly his sketches, possess great feeling for colour; and whatever he invented, or adapted to himself from others, bore his peculiar stamp of raciness and vigour—qualities too often wanting in some modern pictures. If his mastership in drawing and boldness of touch had been controlled by judgment and taste; if his mind had been stored with the grand and sober imagery of the great poets, instead of giving way to often unintelligible fancies and the vaguest allegories, Von Holst would have produced works not only more popular, but more worthy of fame. Unfortunately—the great bane of most young men!—he had become, from the first, the champion of a small circle, who flattered his vanity, encouraged him to despise public criticism, and allowed him to run wild in his fierce and extravagant imagination. It is a lesson to the young artist, who by nature is gifted with the rare qualities of freshness of thought, vigour of execution, and perseverance. Let him learn, that often we most misunderstand our own merits when we complain that our works are not appreciated by others.—A.

*The Telephone*, by Capt. John Taylor.—The chief object of this powerful wind-instrument is for conveying signals during foggy weather, by sounds produced by means of compressed air forced through trumpets, audible at six miles distance. The four notes are played by opening the valves of the recipient, and the intensity of sound is proportioned to the compression of the internal air. The small-sized telephone instrument, which is portable, was tried on the river, and the signal notes were distinctly heard four miles off.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—A. J. E.—Sonnets—H. J. D.—H. C.—received.

*Erratum.*—In our last week's notice of Concerts, the remark "on the choiceness of the music," &c., belonging to Mr. Ella's *matinée*—and the observation on the "existence of French vocal talent," *apropos* of Mme. Hennelle's entertainment, were transposed.


KNIGHT'S WEEKLY VOLUME.
This day,
THE TEXTILE MANUFACTURES of GREAT BRITAIN. By G. DODD, Author of 'Days in the Factories.'
London: Charles Knight & Co. 22, Ludgate-street.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. CXLVII, is just published.
*Contents.*
I. BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.
II. SHUTTLEWORTH'S PHONICS.
III. FORBES' TRAVELS THROUGH THE ALPS.
IV. TWISS' LIFE OF LORD ELDON.
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John Murray, Albemarle-street.

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10. The Robertses on their Travels. By Mrs. Trollope. Chap. 8.
11. The Songs of Barry Cornwall.
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T. Ward & Co. Paternoster-row.

SCHOOL OF DESIGNS.
THE ART-UNION JOURNAL OF THE ARTS, No. 69, published on the 1st of AUGUST, will contain a full report of the Award of Prizes at the Government School on the 24th of July, with Engravings of all the Prizes. By sanction of the President of the School.
And on the same day, No. 70 of the ART-UNION JOURNAL will be devoted exclusively to a Report of the EXPOSITION OF THE INDUSTRIAL ARTS OF FRANCE in the Museum Palace in Paris. The Report will be illustrated by a large number of Engravings, selected and drawn for the especial use of this Journal, and will exhibit the progress and present state of the Ornamental and Decorative Arts on the Continent.
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BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE. No. CCCXLVI. For AUGUST, 1844. Price 2s. 6d.
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| Age when Policy was issued. | Date of Policy. | Sum Assured. | Original Premium. | Reduced Annual Premium (for the current year). |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 20 | On or before 8th of May, 1839. | £1,000 | £19 6 8 | £9 13 4 |
| 30 | | 1,000 | 24 6 4 | 12 2 2 |
| 40 | | 1,000 | 31 10 0 | 15 15 0 |
| 50 | | 1,000 | 42 15 0 | 21 7 6 |
| 60 | | 1,000 | 66 11 8 | 33 5 10 |

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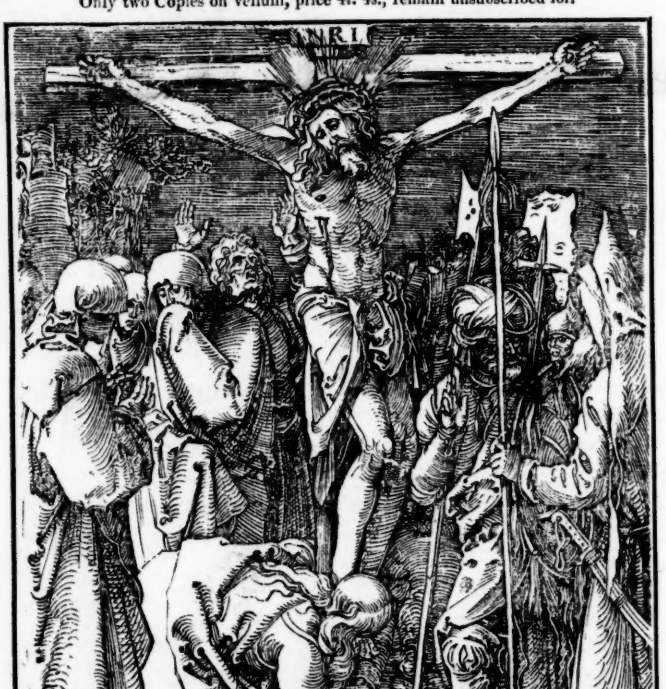


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